

The Outlook

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Winged Victors

THROUGH the snowy gales of the Aleutians and the sand storms of Persia our aviators have flown. Now, with their backs to Asia and Europe, they await an opportunity to launch themselves upon the home stretch across the Atlantic.

The three planes which survived the passage of the Pacific are, as we write, now in Paris under the command of Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith. It was on Bastille Day, July 14, that these navigators of the air reached the French capital.

No voyagers will ever be more welcome to their own shores than these men who have carried the burden of this greatest adventure into the latest of the realms to be conquered by the daring spirit of man.

On the Eve of Another Conference

ON the eve of the Interallied Conference at London, beginning July 16, Americans had the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Kellogg, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, had been empowered to act on behalf of American interests. With him are associated six other Americans. One of these is the official adviser, Colonel James A. Logan, Jr., our observer on the Interallied Reparation Commission. Four others (two from the London Embassy and two from among Colonel Logan's assistants) are included in the Conference secretariat. Most important of all, however, is the sixth American, Mr. Owen D. Young,

who is present unofficially. As chief aide of General Dawes in preparing the so-called Dawes Report, he has a high standing in Europe, and, it is understood, has been asked to become General Agent of Reparations to receive all reparation payments from Germany when the Dawes Plan is put into operation.

Of course the object of this Interallied Conference (it has about a hundred and fifty members) is the same as that of all other conferences since the war—to make Germany keep her pledged word. The difference is that now there is the Dawes Plan, and the specific question is, How shall it be put into operation?

On this, as on all other forms of the same question, England and France are disagreeing.

England, as always since soon after the Armistice, is content with what she has got out of Germany, while France is, of course, far from content. England, however, is in the minority on the Reparation Commission. To make her will respected she must therefore resort to her power in finance. It is interesting to note that the Labor Government of England is emphasizing just what other Governments in England have emphasized, the importance of protecting the investor in any loan to Germany—that is, the capitalist. Before the Dawes Report can be put into operation, instituting financial, railway, and industrial reform in Germany, it is necessary for the German Reichstag to pass enabling legislation. This legislation has been scandalously delayed. Before the Allies make any loan to Germany or otherwise give their

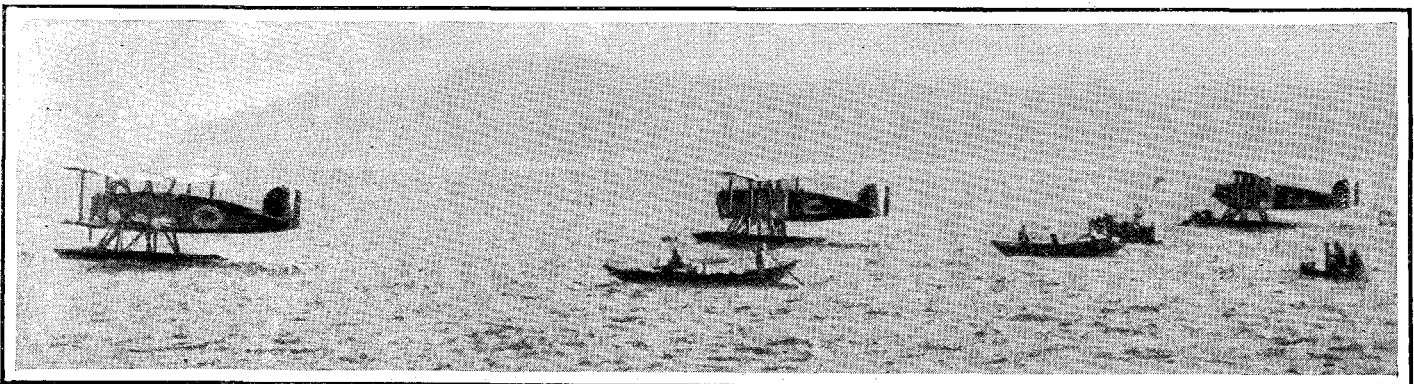
aid they will, we hope, require Germany, not merely to promise, but to act.

Revolution or Revolt?

IT is difficult to get an adequate view of the hostilities which have been going on recently in Brazil. One reason is that many of the despatches which reach this country come from Argentina, which is perhaps not altogether averse to seeing trouble in Brazil, and these despatches represent the trouble as a revolution, while those which come from the Brazilian Government at Rio de Janeiro naturally minimize the revolt.

The scene of the fighting is about 130 miles southwest of Rio de Janeiro and centers around Sao Paulo, the capital of the State of that name and the second largest city in Brazil. This city is not far from the port of Santos. The latest despatches we have seen assert that fierce fighting has been going on in and about Sao Paulo, and one estimate is that the number of dead among troops and civilians might be as high as 3,000—a statement which, if true, would certainly indicate something that might well be called a war. The same despatches assert that some 34,000 men are in the rebel forces which are defending the city against the attack of the Federal troops, and that the rebels even have airplanes and tanks. Their commander is General Lopez. But despatches of the same date from Buenos Aires state that the bombardment of the city by the Federal forces is not doing much harm, and that Federal soldiers are deserting to the rebels.

What are the cause and purpose of this?



P. & A. Photos

It took this picture almost as long to come from China to the United States as for the fliers themselves to go from China to France. But the actual flying time of the aviators from the Pacific coast to Paris was a little less than ten days

revolt? One explanation is that it is an outgrowth of personal military ambition, and that the head of the movement is a Colonel Francisco, who has commanded part of the military forces of the State of Sao Paulo, and who is inspired by ambition to make Sao Paulo an independent republic, doubtless with himself at the head. The central Government of Brazil, in a statement sent to the Brazilian Consul-General in New York City, declares that the present revolt is only a renewal of a mutiny which took place in July, 1922, at Rio de Janeiro, and that the trouble harks back to the election of President Benardes and the dissatisfaction of the defeated faction. It also insists that the Federal Government is backed by public opinion in the whole country and by the local governments of all the States (except presumably Sao Paulo), and is confident that the revolt will be easily suppressed.

So the matter stood, so far as we Americans know, on July 15. Whether the optimistic view of the Federal Government is correct or whether the insurrection will spread may be evident quickly. Brazil is an enormous country territorially, and there are influences and conditions which make it in some respects and in some parts resemble Mexico.

A New Advance in a Conservative Art

THE immense amount of publicity which radio and wireless telegraphy have received in recent years has somewhat obscured, apparently, the fact that the submarine cable is still doing business, and very much of it. In part the cables compete with wireless, it is true, but in the main their spheres of use do not greatly overlap. There have not been cables enough, and more are being laid down on the bed of the oceans every year. Especially have cables been needed in the Pacific.

Engineers employed by the Western Electric Research Laboratories have recently developed a new alloy whose use will, it is expected, enable at least four words to be sent over a submarine cable for every one that is now possible. As a means of transmitting signals the cable is very much slower than land wires, because, first, it is really a very long condenser of the same sort used on radio apparatus; and, second, because it is inherently defective in a quality known as inductance.

Prior to the year 1900 the telephone suffered from a similar trouble, but the great inventor Pupin was able by placing an inductance coil every few miles along the wires to make long-distance telephony possible. Similar coils could not, however, be placed in the suboceanic cables owing to mechanical difficulties in laying them from a ship in mid-ocean, and so the speeded-up cable was forced to wait for the invention of a new alloy called permalloy.

What Permalloy Is and Does

PERMALLOY is a simple alloy of nickel and iron in the ratio, roughly, of four parts nickel to one part iron. It strengthens the magnetic force around the cable something like two thousand times, and when it is drawn out in the form of a tape having a thickness of about one one-hundredth of an inch and wrapped in a spiral around the copper wires through which the transoceanic signals are sent its high magnetic permeability permits the signals to follow across the seas so much more closely together without getting mixed up or running together that one of the new cables will do the work of four of the old. It cannot be successfully applied to cables which are already laid down.

After a test made on a 120-mile section of the new cable had proved successful, enough of it to reach from New York to the Azores was ordered, and the cable ship Lord Kelvin will lay this cable during the present season.

This is the first important change that has been made in the conservative technique of cabling in fifty years.

The Reviving Merchant Marine

MANY who have been despairing over what seemed to be a second death of the American merchant marine must have received no small surprise, a few days ago, when they heard that a contract for a \$5,000,000 liner, for the Matson Line, had been awarded the Cramp Company of Philadelphia. Perhaps the seemingly dormant "Jones Act" of 1920 has not been as ineffective as has been thought.

This law was planned to revive American shipping. Yet no revival followed its passage. The recent extreme depression in all ocean transportation had completely nullified any encouragement that might have been given to shipbuilding. The provision giving preferen-

tial duties and tonnage dues to our ships might have had a beneficial effect, but the application of this section would have been followed by very strong protests or even retaliation from abroad. Nevertheless such provisions as have been put in force seem at last to be accomplishing the desired result.

For instance, Section 23 is responsible for the large contract mentioned, and will undoubtedly bring about many other contracts. By means of this provision, war profits and excess profits taxes are waived for the benefit of ship-owners who invest their proceeds in new ships. Section 11, which provides a large sum of money annually from which loans might be made to shipping companies, has also proved very helpful. Other provisions are having a similar effect. In a very quiet manner, without arousing European antagonisms, the workable provisions of the Jones Act appear to be encouraging the development of an American merchant marine.

The Power of the Senate to Make a Witness Testify

THE United States Senate wins the first skirmish in the legal battle to determine whether or not an investigating committee of the Senate can compel answers to such questions as those propounded to Harry F. Sinclair and E. L. Doheny in the naval oil leases inquiry. The Senate, of course, is not a party to the litigation directly. The United States Government, as acting through a court, and Doheny are the direct parties. But the ultimate decision will determine, at least in a measure, the form that future investigations may take.

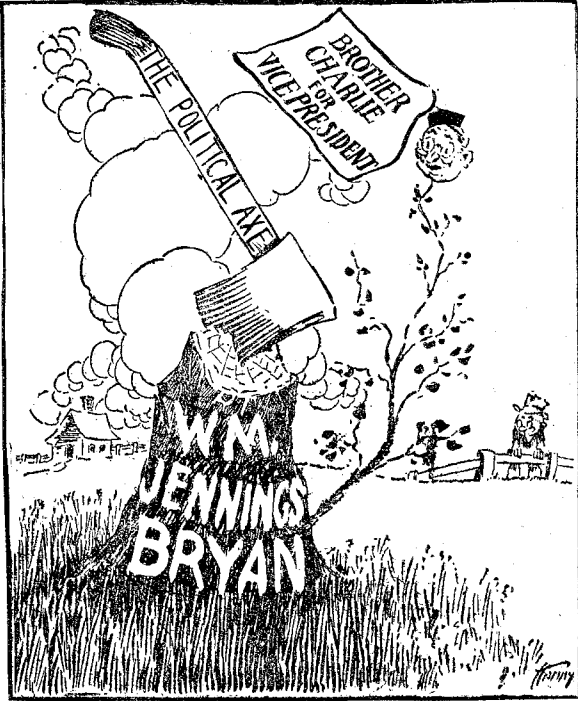
The question came up for decision before Justice Hoehling, of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, on the motion of Sinclair to quash the indictments against him. Nine questions asked by Senator Walsh, of Montana, "prosecutor" for the committee, of Sinclair were brought under discussion. Sinclair refused to answer before the committee, challenging the right of such a tribunal to question him.

Justice Hoehling affirms the right of the Senate committee to compel answers to any pertinent question. He does not, however, hold that a Senate committee may compel answers to irrelevant questions. Of the nine actually asked Sinclair by Senator Walsh, it is held that six should have been answered and that, in

Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife

(*Julius Cæsar, Act III, Scene 1*)

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer



The Hardy Bryan Family Tree

Reid for the Bell Syndicate, Inc.



Just Can't Understand It

Chapin in America at Work (St. Louis)



"O boy, when he comes up for air!"

effect, the remaining three should not have been asked, either because they were not pertinent to the inquiry or because they called for answers that might require the witness to incriminate himself.

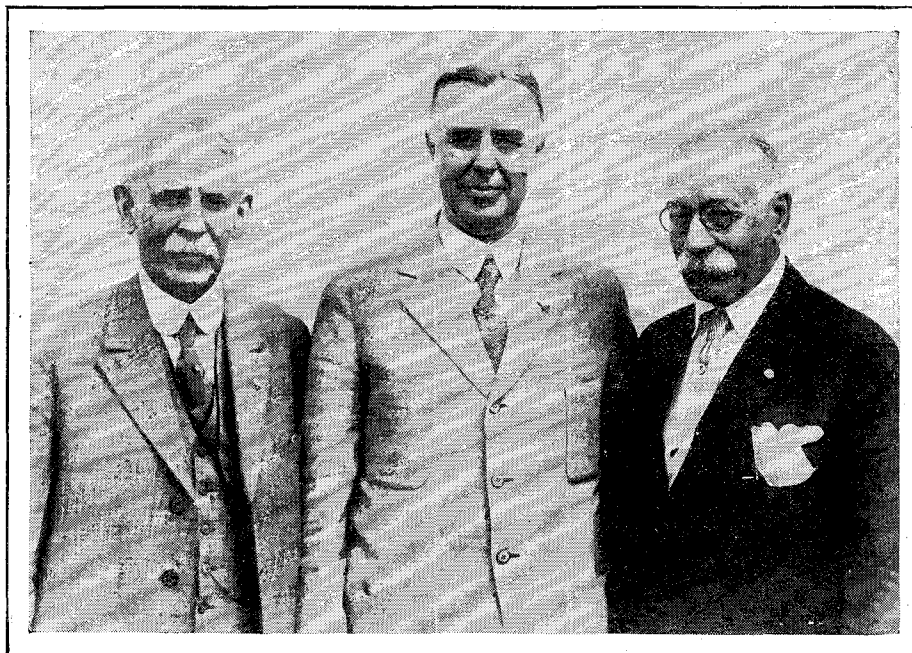
The question will go to the United States District Court, and finally to the Supreme Court of the United States. In the meantime the indictments stand, the first effort to quash them having failed.

A Double Annual Meeting

THE American Bar Association has just completed at Philadelphia its regular annual meeting and is just beginning in London a special meeting in which hundreds of American lawyers will participate. The members of the Association will be the guests of the British Lawyers Association and will be welcomed and entertained by King and Queen, Bench and Bar, and the American Ambassador. The culminating event of the London meeting will be the unveiling, in the Temple Gardens, of the Blackstone Memorial, a heroic-sized statue of William Blackstone, an excellent photograph of which appeared in our last week's issue. The American Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, chosen at Philadelphia as the new President of the Bar Association, heads the Americans. Chief Justice Taft, in a telegram regretting his inability to join the party, says: "I regard the meeting in London as most important in strengthening the bond between the two great English-speaking countries. May all our members renew their devotion to the free representative institution of the common law in the hospitable environment of Westminster Hall and the Inns of Court."

At the Philadelphia meeting there were several reports of large public interest. Thus the report of the Committee on Commerce, Trade, and Commercial Law declared that, as the remedy for industrial evils, "an impartial tribunal free from political influence, with power to enforce its decrees and so organized that every employer and every employee having a grievance can be sure of a speedy hearing and a just decision, is the only effective means of settling industrial disputes."

The Kansas Industrial Court, despite the fact that its power is now limited by court decisions, was praised as in many ways offering a hopeful model for such an industrial court. The report also praised the system adopted by the Pennsylvania Railroad in dealing with labor



Wide World Photos

Three American jurists who are off to visit the fountainhead of our legal system

Left to right: Hon. Frederick E. Wadhams, treasurer of the American Bar Association; Hon. R. E. L. Saner, retiring president; and Hon. George W. Wickersham, who will present the statue of Blackstone, a picture of which appeared in last week's issue of

The Outlook, to the English Bar Association

matters, a system which has been often explained and commended in this journal.

Another valuable report was that made by the retiring President of the Bar Association, Mr. R. E. L. Saner, on American citizenship. The danger of unassimilated alien stock was emphasized, while as to political corruption the report declared:

American politics has never been as clean as it is to-day. Outside of a few great cities, and particularly the foreign element in them, there is little corruption of the franchise. In all the welter of scandal and slime and filth that has swamped Congress in the last few months, only one elective officer of the Government, a member of Congress, has been touched by a breath of it. All of this rottenness has been confined to the Washington bureaucracy. A corrupt and inefficient bureaucracy, and not Czarism, destroyed the Russian Empire, threw Italy into the arms of the Fascisti, and committed Spain to a dictatorship. The Washington bureaucracy is running true to historical form. Of all tyrannies a bureaucracy is the most odious, because it is anonymous.

Ex-Governor Whitman, of New York, in a report on criminal law asserted that the methods of trial in America were "outworn and cumbersome," that a criminal census should be taken, as is done in other countries, that there should be a standard code of criminal procedure in the States, and that the chief reason why in 1921 England and Wales together had 63 murders while New York State

alone had 260, was lack of prompt and vigorous law enforcement and the delay possible between conviction and punishment.

Killing Hang-Over Congresses

THE American Bar Association joins in the demand that Presidents and members of Congress be installed in office more promptly after election than is possible under the present arrangement. A resolution was adopted at the recent Philadelphia meeting calling upon Congress to provide for the inauguration of Presidents on the third Monday in January, instead of March 4, following election, and for the installation of members of Congress on the first Monday in January, two months after election, instead of in December of the following year, thirteen months after election.

The pressure for a change in these two details of government has been felt for some time past. It has been discussed in Congress, where it has been embodied in bills; in political conventions, where it has found a place in resolutions; and in various organizations of a political nature. Never before has the change been demanded by a body, not primarily governmental or political, so distinguished as the American Bar Association.

It is undeniable that, particularly with members of Congress, the will of the people as expressed at the polls is not put into effect with sufficient promptness. The date of the Presidential inaugura-

tion appears of less importance. But conditions which a century and more ago determined the fixing of both dates no longer obtain. Information as to elections is generally disseminated now within twenty-four hours. Months elapsed in the old days before there was definite knowledge throughout the country as to who the people had chosen to serve them. There can be little objection to the proposed change—except that it is change.

The Portable Park

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, has a park which can be moved from place to place. What was formerly a particularly disreputable-looking vacant lot is now a park, although it is closed in on two sides with brick walls and fronts one of the busiest streets of the city. One business house began it, but the City Park Commission, the State Agricultural College, a big club of professional and business women, an artist, florists, business firms, and numerous private individuals soon joined in the good work. It promises to be the beginning of an endless chain of little parks which will carry beauty to the city where beauty is most needed.

Three years ago George Brothers and their employees decided something must be done to the lot next to their printing and art shop at Twelfth and N Streets. The lot was so high priced no one had as yet felt rich enough to erect a suitable building. So the thousands who daily hurried by saw old excavations and boards, brick, and mortar from razed buildings. The Georges, although they

did not own the lot, decided to turn the 65 x 100 foot space into a park on their own responsibility.

"It strengthens a fellow's faith in human nature to see how the public responded," says Mr. B. A. George. "Most of the vines and flowers we first planted came from my own home or were brought by the men who work here; but when people saw what we were doing we had more shrubs and flowers offered than we could use. People were continually dropping in with plans or plants or praise, and not one thing in that park was ever harmed—not a flower picked, not a seat marked."

Here are some of the helps offered, most of them unsolicited:

"Charley" Bryan, Street Commissioner, now candidate for the Vice-Presidency, loaned men and teams for several days to fill the excavations.

The City Park Commission set out poplar trees at the back of the lot, and some of the larger shrubs.

A wholesale grocer gave the long slats from banana crates for the tall lattice fence.

The State Agricultural College gave coleus and other plants for the beds.

Plants, bulbs, and shrubs were given by florists and numerous citizens.

The Axis Club, of business and professional women, helped care for the flowers, though much of the watering was done by a dentist whose office adjoins the lot on the east side.

Lights were supplied by an electric-light company during the State Fair and other special occasions.

Seats were offered by business firms,

whose names are to be painted on them in small letters.

All other supplies for the park were given at wholesale prices.

The lot was sold last winter, but this does not mean the destruction of the park. Its promoters have already selected the next link in the chain of parks, and as soon as building begins the fence, seats, vines, and some three hundred dollars' worth of shrubs will be moved to a lot, opposite the City Library, sadly in need of beautifying.

So the park will move from lot to lot.

Except for the planting of coleus, the plan seems worthy of adoption by other cities. The omission of coleus from any open space is sufficient for the creation of a spot of genuine beauty.

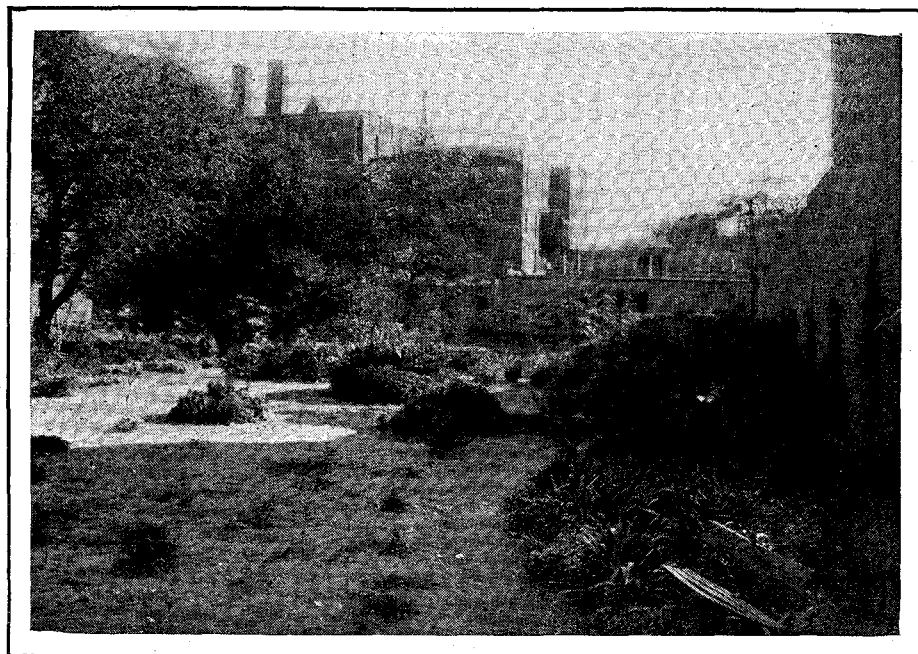
The Result of the Democratic Convention

WHEN the voters cast their ballots for the Presidential electors next November, they will really be choosing a President, a Vice-President, and a Party.

Four years ago most voters, so far as they exercised an independent choice, probably thought of little but their choice between Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox. What they got was not only Mr. Harding, but also Mr. Coolidge and the Republican Party. This year the Democratic Convention offers to them not only Mr. Davis, but also Mr. C. W. Bryan and the Democratic Party.

The Presidential Candidate

UNDER the circumstances, John W. Davis, of all the candidates which the Democrats could have selected to oppose President Coolidge, is the most formidable. His strength lies principally in the fact that he has not been the object of recent political resentment. His chief qualifications, therefore, are negative. There is no apparent good reason why any within the party should vote against him. His gracious personality is of itself a strong armor against attack. He has not been identified with any faction within the party or with any quarrels that have enlisted the sympathy or aroused the animosity of independent voters. To most Democrats of progressive tendencies it seems sufficient that he was the loyal supporter and associate of President Wilson. To most Democrats of conservative tendencies it seems sufficient that he has been associated with



A "Portable Park" in Lincoln, Nebraska

men of property. A West Virginian by birth and early training, a New Yorker by present residence and by professional interests, he appeals to two rather diverse groups within the party. The fact that he was nominated by a process which brought him first the support of delegates who had been voting for Mr. McAdoo and then by delegates who had been voting for Mr. Smith indicates how far removed he has been from the battle of the factions. He has himself repudiated both the term "progressive" and the term "conservative" and has chosen instead to be known as an advocate of "liberalism." He has, however, seemed content to define liberalism in general terms. At least he has never formulated and presented a programme that has reached the mind of the country at large, or even any large proportion of his own party. It has been said that he, like President Coolidge, is his own platform; but, while President Coolidge's policies have been put before the Nation definitely (notably in his Presidential Message of last December), Mr. Davis's policies are to a large extent unknown.

Toward certain aspects of foreign policy his attitude, or at least his approach, is unmistakable. He is without qualification an advocate of the League of Nations. He is a strong supporter of the belief in the vital importance of Anglo-American friendship. If English voters were choosing the American President this year, they would without doubt overwhelmingly elect Mr. Davis. They know him and like him, they respect him and count him worthy of the highest office. And they realize that he takes much the same view of foreign relations that they do. Mr. P. W. Wilson's article in this issue makes that plain. Mr. Davis's internationalism is not of the vague sentimental sort, but takes the form of a definite plan for world relationships. His nomination has done much to restore the League of Nations as a partisan issue in this campaign. What his views are concerning the relation of the United States to the Far East is not generally known, or what he would do respecting such matters as German reparations, Interallied debts, and Russia.

On domestic issues of a debatable sort Mr. Davis's views have not taken the form of an outline of definite policies. It is known that he is in favor of the reduction of taxation and the revision of the tariff "on a competitive and revenue basis." It is known also that he framed,

or was largely responsible for framing, the Clayton Act, which relieved labor unions from the requirements of the Anti-Trust Law, and that he drew the principal provision of the act which, before National prohibition was adopted, made illegal the shipping of liquor into territory where the sale of liquor was locally illegal.

Beyond these points very little is known of his specific views on debatable questions. He stands for honesty in government, but that can hardly be termed debatable. His gifts and training as a lawyer should make him effective as the accuser of his opponents, but he will find no one to arise and defend dishonesty as a policy of government, however many may attempt to deny and disprove his accusations. What his fellow-citizens will want to know is his stand on such subjects as prohibition, railways, agriculture, conservation, immigration, preparedness. Does he approve of the Eighteenth Amendment? If so, does he wish to see the Volstead Act "liberalized" to allow the sale of wines and beers? Has he any proposals for the reorganization of the railway systems of the country or for the modification of railway regulation? Does he believe the farmers' difficulties can be cured by legislation, and, if so, what? Does he believe in Conservation as most politicians believe in it—or as Roosevelt believed in it? Does he approve of the present policy of strict reduction of immigration? Is he strongly committed to the maintenance of our Navy and our Army, or is he more concerned to promote disarmament? He has become a candidate, not because of his views on these subjects, but partly just because his views on such subjects were not known. They should be known before the campaign is well under way.

The Vice-Presidential Candidate

IN nominating Charles W. Bryan the Democrats have made their selection, not because of the candidate's fitness to succeed in case of necessity to the Presidency, but because of the political effect the nomination will have in certain sections and upon certain groups. William Jennings Bryan, his brother, is still a power in the party. The greatest tribute he received during the Convention consisted of the boos and hisses which greeted his almost every appearance on the platform. Charles W. Bryan was on his brother's list of candidates which he approved for the Presidential nomina-

tion. John W. Davis, who was nominated, was among those whom Mr. Bryan most ardently opposed. To place Mr. C. W. Bryan on the ticket was the most obvious method of inviting the active support of Mr. W. J. Bryan and his followers. It was also a method of recognizing the claims of the West and Northwest to political attention.

Of C. W. Bryan's views on domestic policies there can be little doubt. He is an advocate of the measures which W. J. Bryan has stood for throughout the past quarter-century and longer. What his practice has been in putting his theories into operation Mr. W. O. Jones indicates in his article in this issue.

On foreign policies Mr. C. W. Bryan's views, on the other hand, can for the most part be only inferred. He has had no record in dealing with foreign questions, no experience in foreign affairs. If by chance he were to become President, it is not unnatural to suppose that he would either desire his brother to become Secretary of State or follow some such course as his brother followed when he was Secretary of State. He is understood to regard the absence of a war record as one of the most useful of political assets. He is the political beneficiary of the German voters of his State, and presumably would follow a foreign policy which would meet with their approval.

The Party

CERTAINLY the Democratic Party as it presents itself to the voters of the country is different in composition and in temper from the party which put Woodrow Wilson into office. United then by the hope of victory and by the common respect of its members—if not their common admiration—for their leader, it profited by the disruption of the Republicans. Now as it enters the campaign eight years later it is itself, in fact, split in two. It has divided along a line of cleavage separating some of the oldest stock in this country from some of the newest immigrants. The dividing line remains, though the party organization has not itself fallen asunder. The bitterness of the open warfare has outlasted the fight. The mutual suspicion between those who shouted and cheered for Smith and those who stood firm for McAdoo has not been allayed. As the campaign begins, it is as impossible to tell as it was during the Convention whether the Democratic Party is the party of the Solid South, the Klansman, and the Dry, or

the party of Tammany Hall, the alien Catholic, and the Wet.

The Wane of Lynching

IF lynching continues to decrease as it has been doing for the past four years, some day soon we shall read in our newspaper the brief statement, "There were no lynchings last year."

Not only is the record for the first six months of 1924 the lowest for the same period in the forty years during which figures are available, but there has been a surprisingly regular decrease for the last four years, and a less regular downward trend preceding. Thus the record runs: 1918, 45; 1919, 29; 1920, 12; 1921, 36; 1922, 30; 1923, 15; 1924, 5. From 45 to 5 is surely a long step; from 5 to 0 should be quite possible.

What is the cause of this encouraging diminution of violence? Two causes are mentioned by Dr. Moton, of Tuskegee Institute, whose Bureau of Records and Research has for many years carefully collected the statistics. They are: first, the growth of public opinion; secondly, the spread and influence of interracial co-operation. There have been many temptations to wreak vengeance lawlessly for crimes not having any racial elements—that is, the murderous hold-ups and robberies by bandits. Yet there was not one lynching recorded in the report in this class of cases. The five lynchings reported in 1924 were all of Negroes and in three Southern States; four were for attacks on women, one for killing an officer. There are therefore no such "causes" alleged as we have had previously, like "impudence," "trouble-making," "hit a neighbor's hog," and so on. And for almost or quite the first time what many call "the usual cause" is actually so instead of being accountable for only a third or less of the lynchings. All this goes to show that hanging or burning on suspicion or as part of a race feud has vanished for this period at least, and we hope forever.

Dr. Moton's second explanation is a sound one. As we have reported repeatedly, there has been a reasonable and practical effort in several States for the discussion and settlement of troublesome racial matters by joint committees of the two races. This has nothing to do with social recognition and very little, if anything, to do with political rights. It is a getting-together effort to prevent friction, to stop quarrels in their inception, and to

encourage education and forbearance. If the fire-eaters and irreconcilables on both sides will leave the moderate people alone, this movement has far-reaching possibilities—the more so as the recent exodus of Negroes from the South makes it desirable for the whites to placate them by generous treatment.

Finally, it is quite probable that the proposed Federal Anti-Lynching Bill, although it failed of passage, has had an influence in awakening State legal officers to their duty in preventing lynching and taxpayers in seeing that this is done; for, if such legislation is passed, counties and States will be liable in money penalties for failure to protect citizens, black or white, against violence.

Whatever the causes of the decrease in Judge Lynch's activity, it is a fact that he seems more inclined than for many years to bow his old but far from venerable head to the jurisdiction of the courts established by the people and backed by law.

Our Growing Appreciation of Good Music

SUPPOSE you were planning a musical concert for a tremendous audience—say some tens of thousands; not a typically concert-going audience, but one composed of a grand mixture of people and tastes? What kind of music would you provide? Suppose, again, it was an audience that could listen or not just as it pleased, and suppose you wanted to please it, and suppose if it were not pleased it would immediately go elsewhere and let you know its disapprobation? Well, twenty years ago you would have given them the lightest, "catchiest" kind of music—light operatic selections, some popular dances, and a lively march or two. The last thing you would have attempted, under those conditions, would have been anything remotely resembling the "classic."

That audience just described represents the average radio audience. A short time ago the Mozart Quartette gave this programme one evening from the studio of WEA, New York City:

Allegro Molto, from Opus 18, No. 2.

Beethoven

Minuette *Boccherini*

Vivace, from the E flat Quartette.

Mozart

Oboe Concerto, with Quartette. *Handel*

Broadcasting directors know their audiences. If such a programme was sent

"over the air," it was because they knew it would be appreciated—and it was. But the question is this, How has so large a public been brought to an appreciation of music of this caliber? You will find the answer in almost any first-class motion-picture theater.

Let us look into one or two of these and see what kind of music they have been playing. For instance, there is the Plaza Theater of New York. We are mentioning New York theaters because we are better acquainted with them; but the same process is going on all over the country. The Plaza, we find, is a fairly large theater, employing a very well trained orchestra of twenty pieces. In one month, among about twenty major pieces, they played the following:

The Unfinished Symphony. . . *Schubert*
Andante—Fifth Symphony.

Tschaikowsky

New World Symphony. *Dvorák*

Scheherazade *Rimsky-Korsakov*

L'Enfant Prodigue. *Debussy*

It might be argued that this is not typical, for the Plaza is one of the few large houses that has an entire control over the selection of its films, making a rigid requirement as to excellence and good taste—that is, it caters to an exceptional audience, and naturally would have music of a high grade.

But if we turn to the Rialto, one of the best of our typical Broadway theaters, with a typical Broadway audience to please, we find an equally excellent programme and a large and excellent orchestra, one of the finest in the city. At the other extreme, should we go across into the East Side to some small theater, where a piano and violin provide all the music, even here we would find attempts to bring in music of a good type, in imitation of the large theaters along the Great White Way.

It is a long way back to the ill-ventilated theater, the flickering film, and the tinny player-piano. Generously endowed conservatories and the increasing attention to music in our schools have done much, but we can give very large credit to the much-abused "movie" theater for much of the modern appreciation of good music. As director of the orchestra of the Rialto Theater and of two other similar orchestras in New York, Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld is very largely responsible for the improvement in the quality of music played in motion-picture houses all over the country. At our request, Dr. Riesen-

feld gives an interesting story of this particular field of popular musical edu-

cation, which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Stop! Look! Listen!

The Vice-Presidential Crossing is Dangerous!

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE American people are about as slow to learn the political dangers of the Vice-Presidency as they are to learn the physical dangers of the railway crossing. The thoughtless motorist knows that a dozen men have been killed at a specially dangerous crossing, but thinks if he hurries he can get over safely. It does little good in the case of certain types of drivers to put up "Stop! Look! Listen!" signs. He goes ahead following his own sweet will without any regard to automobile history.

One is sometimes tempted to think that most of the delegates at Presidential conventions and many of the voters at Presidential elections must be reckless automobile drivers, since they pay so little attention to the unmistakable signs of danger involved in the choice of a Vice-President of the United States. The actual importance of the Vice-Presidency is negligible, but its potential importance is very great. James Bryce, whose "American Commonwealth" gives the ablest interpretation of American Government that the English language affords, puts a complete definition of the Vice-President's office in a nutshell:

The Vice-President's office is ill-conceived. His only ordinary function is to act as Chairman of the Senate, but as he does not appoint the Committees of that House, and has not even a vote (except a casting vote in it), this function is of little moment. If, however, the President dies, or becomes incapable of acting, or is removed from office, the Vice-President succeeds to the Presidency. What is the result? The place being in itself unimportant, the choice of a candidate for it excites little interest, and is chiefly used by the party managers as a means of conciliating a section of their party. It becomes what is called "a complimentary nomination." The man elected Vice-President is therefore rarely if ever, when selected, a man in the front rank. But when the President dies during his term of office, which has happened to five out of the twenty [Mr. Bryce should have said twenty-five as he was writing in 1910] Presidents, this possibly second-

class man steps into a great place for which he was never intended.

I suppose an insurance actuary could figure out exactly from political statistics what are the chances of a Vice-President's succession through the death of a President. History shows that the chance is not so remote that it can safely be ignored.

President Harrison died in office in 1841, and was succeeded by Vice-President Tyler, whose Administration would have been an abject failure if it had not been for Daniel Webster. Webster remained as Tyler's Secretary of State after all the other members of the Cabinet had been driven out of office by Tyler's maladroitness. When General William Henry Harrison was nominated by the Whigs for the Presidency, Tyler was put on the ticket with him to conciliate or placate the South. The result was a good illustration of the folly of indulging in the placation motive when selecting Presidential candidates. The Whigs regarded Tyler as a mere tail to their kite, a fact which is indicated by the campaign slogan of the day. General Harrison was the hero of the Indian Battle of Tippecanoe, and so his followers adopted as their political war cry the phrase, "Tippecanoe and"—as if it were an afterthought—"Tyler too." It is a pity that so many Vice-Presidential nominations have been made on the "Tyler too" plan.

The Whigs nominated another military hero for President in 1848—General Zachary Taylor. They chose as his running mate Millard Fillmore, who, by the death of President Taylor a year and a half after his inauguration, became President of the United States. All that can be said of Fillmore's Presidency is that it was harmless.

This, however, cannot be said of Andrew Johnson's succession to the Presidency. Johnson was a man of little education, at one time a journeyman tailor by trade, who may be said to have had leanings towards the populism of his time. He was nominated for the Vice-

Presidency in 1864, not because of special qualifications, but for expediency, in the hope that as an ardent Unionist he might win some of the border States for Lincoln. When Lincoln received over the telegraph news of Johnson's nomination, he expressed his disgust in a forcible frontier expletive. What happened when Johnson succeeded Lincoln is one of the saddest records of the Presidency. Partly due to his personal habits and partly to his headstrong egotism, which made it difficult, if not impossible, for him to work with other members of his party, Johnson involved the Government in such deep-seated political quarrels that many of the evils of the Reconstruction period, which were socially and politically greater than those of the Civil War itself, may be said to be due to his incapacity as a President.

Johnson's unsuccessful impeachment occurred during my young boyhood, and of course I have no personal recollection of it. But I have a vivid recollection of three other Vice-Presidential successions. My first Presidential vote was cast for Garfield in 1880. His death by assassination six months after his inauguration placed the Vice-President, Chester Arthur, in the White House. Like so many of his predecessors and successors, Arthur had been nominated for Vice-President for reasons of political expediency. Nevertheless he made an excellent President, and, in my judgment, was entitled to renomination, but failed because of political entanglements in which he had been involved before he was selected as President Garfield's associate. Arthur may fairly be included in the list of those Vice-Presidential Presidents who have been failures because they were selected, not for fitness, but for motives of political manipulation. The other two instances in my political lifetime of Vice-Presidents made Presidents by death are those of Roosevelt and Coolidge. They both proved themselves competent to assume the responsibilities thrown upon them by chance. But then they were both selected by the Conventions that chose them for their special and peculiar fitness as administrative officers of government.

Stop! Look! Listen! The records of history and the laws of chance both combine to make it important for the voter to consider not merely the Presidential candidates but the Vice-Presidential candidates in any election of the Chief Magistrate of the United States.

Finnish Athletic Success

By PHILIP COAN

FINLAND, which contains about two and a half million less inhabitants than the city of New York, has won more points in the Paris Olympic track and field athletic contests than any other nation than the United States. It has scored oftener in proportion to the size of its population than any other nation.

The explanation of its success is a story without mystery, but full of interest, and even of romance. An official of Finland, telling the story, began by saying that the athletic victories of his countrymen were simply a case of hard work. But there is more to it than that, as will appear.

In the first place, the Finns are new at the athletic game. They began to take notice of track and field sports as we understand them about twenty-five or thirty years ago. They had some sports of their own, such as skiing and wrestling; so has every vigorous outdoor people. Upon the institution of the Olympic meets the Finns sent to Athens an athlete who had practiced throwing the discus in the Greek style. The event was a brand-new one to the teams of most nations, and Finland had, on that account, a fairly even chance. The Finn won. His success was a big event for his countrymen. It roused their ambitions.

Their country was apparently handicapped for athletics. It had a long, dark winter, and a brief summer, which was also its busy season. Finland runs the winter's cut of logs down its streams during a great part of the summer, and then hurries to harvest its crops before winter comes on. More than eighty per cent of its people are country folk with plenty to do during the three or four pleasant months. It has few men of leisure, able to take the time off to train for athletic competitions. It lacks the means to build big gymnasiums, where men could train indoors when the country is snowbound.

But Finland has long summer evenings. When the days are longest, it never grows dark, even in Helsingfors, in the extreme south. So the farmer's boy who has toiled all day in the fields and the workman who has spent the day at his carpenter's bench have free illumination if they want to train after hours. It is a common sight to see such young men taking practice runs on the country roads in the late evening. Some of them steal the time that even farmers devote to sleep in the early, very early morning. They get out at 3 A.M., and do a few miles before the day's work begins.

Right here it becomes evident why the Finnish teams have no first-class sprinters. Thorough and exact training for the sprints requires special straightaway tracks, perfectly smooth and level. The outlay for such tracks may not seem heavy to our way of thinking, but they cost too much for the Finns, and so the country has no tracks and no sprinters.

It produces long-distance runners, for these can and do run their distances on the public highways. It produces cross-country runners, for the land has all the cross-country that heart could desire.

As for the athletes, they come from every province and from every class of the population. Nurmi, who may often be seen out on the road near Helsingfors about five in the morning, puts in a day's work each working day as a mechanic at the capital. Myyra, who figured conspicuously in this year's Olympics, now lives in the small city of Lahti, but he was born and brought up on a farm. Niklander, a former discus winner and a shot putter, is a farmer's son. The three Kolehmainens, all unusual athletes, come from the country near Kuopio. Taipale, another of the noted Finnish discus throwers, is a university man, but he did not win his fame in college athletics, for college athletics do not exist in Finland.

That is another of the oddities of the country that has taken higher place in international meets than any other, for its size. It has had hitherto no system of school and college athletic sport. The official who told this story explained that the schools devoted several hours a week to gymnastic drill, but that this was regular gymnasium work, and totally different from track and field competition. Schoolboys can, and often do, enter athletic meets, but they do so as members of the athletic associations which hold the meets.

These societies, which are very numerous, have worked hard to build up the passion for athletics in all portions of the country. The Finns have an aptitude for associations, of which the success of their co-operative movement in the United States has given proof near at hand. Their athletic societies have been the force that built up the interest in sport. The central society, the Finnish Athletic and Gymnastic Union, has been gathering for four years the money to send to Paris this year's team of fifty-four competitors. That fact shows how big an undertaking the financing of a team is for the country's limited resources, and how great a part the asso-

ciations play in making the athletes' achievements possible.

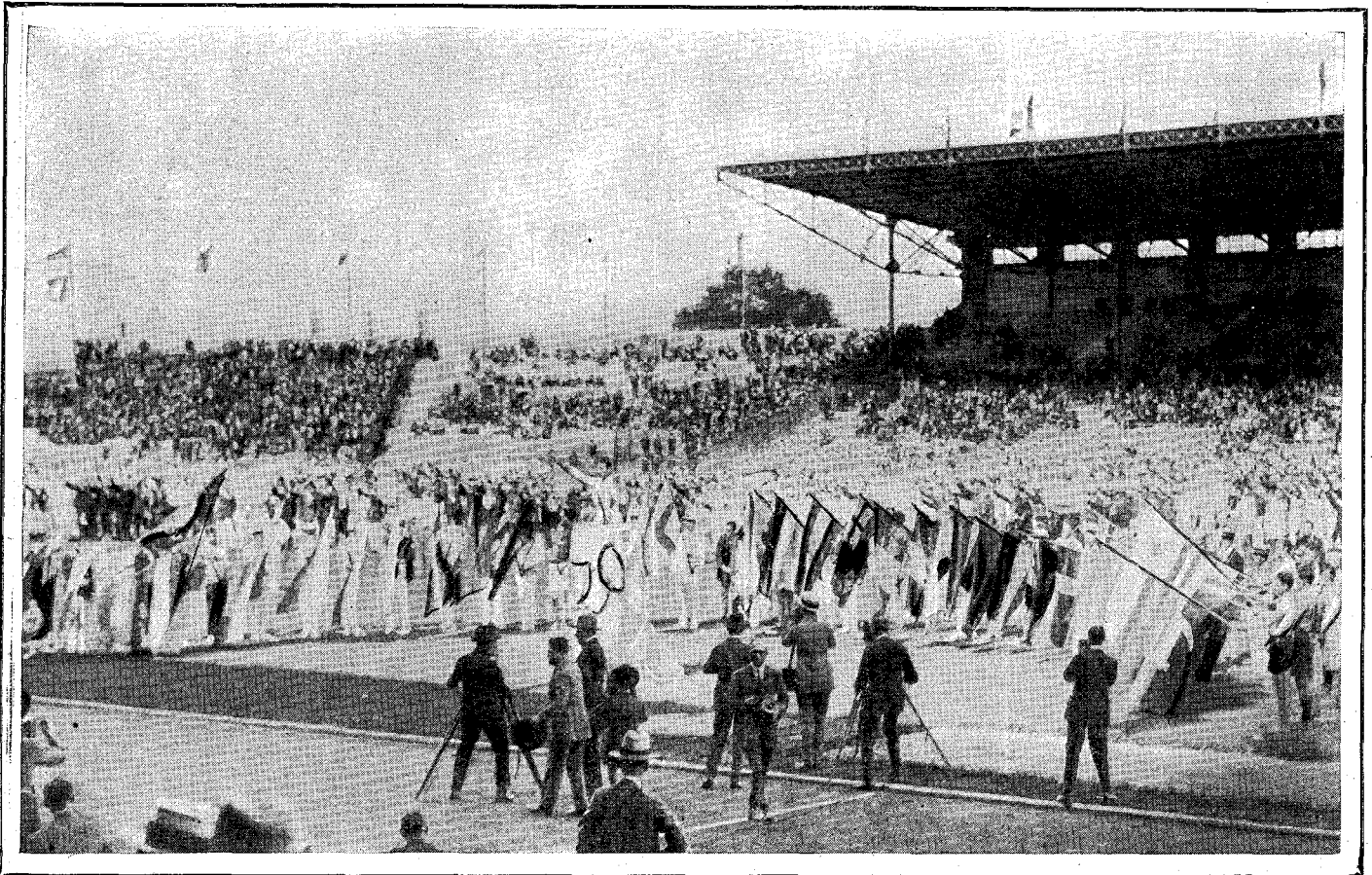
As for medals, they would cost a lot of money, in proportion to the clubs' resources, if many of them were of gold and of silver. They are consequently apt to be of baser metal; but the competitors hold them just as precious. The Finnish athletes are notably free from the vice that we call cup-hunting. They want the medal for what it represents. A simple diploma—a paper medal, so to speak—is sometimes the prize. There is even a movement to restrict prizes to diplomas. They would probably be sought with just as much ardor by the greater part of the contestants. The Finn is not in athletics for money, as a rule. If he were, he would hardly add the hard work of training after hours to his more productive regular work. He is an amateur in the best sense, striving against the odds of small means and a tiring, laborious life that tell heavily against athletic activity in all countries where livings are hard to gain.

What impels him? There is romance back of this tremendous athletic enthusiasm in a little nation of strong men. Here is the story as it was told. At the time of the first Olympic, back in 1906, Finland was a part of the Russian Empire, struggling for its historic rights. The Russian Government had been trying for some ten years to reduce it to the condition of the rest of the Empire. The people were desperate. Their initial success in the first Olympic fired them with an idea. "If we can win a high place in the world's great international athletic contests," they said, "we will remind the world that there is such a place as Finland. We will gain the sympathy of other nations."

That idea was preached by the partisans of Finnish liberties. The thousands of hard-working, poor men who set to work in the seemingly forlorn hope of outdoing the world's best runners, discus throwers, and jumpers worked for their country. At Stockholm in 1912 the Finns as a result of this united and patient effort of six years appeared with a truly formidable team. They were asked at the outset of the games to march in under the Russian banner. They protested so earnestly that they carried their point, and were allowed to appear as Finns, and not as representatives of the rule that they hated. They remember that victory with as much pride as any that they won during the meet.

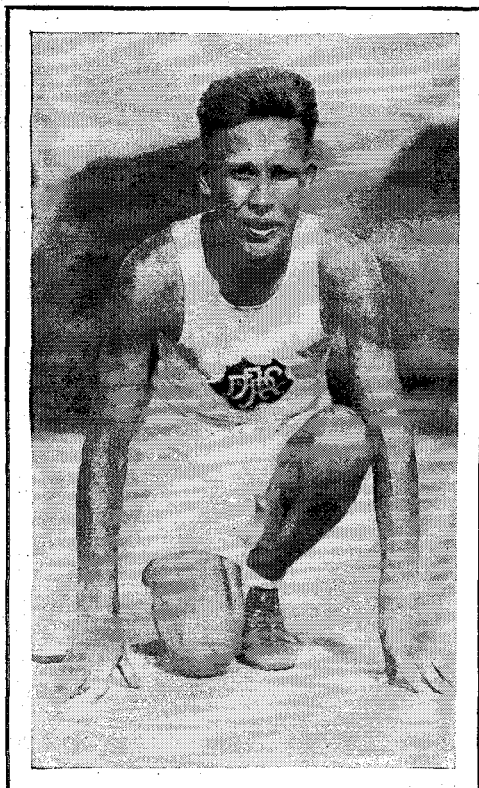
Athletic activity was urged for years

A Greater Gathering



International

The flags of the nations massed together at the opening of the Olympic Games



P. & A. Photos

Willie Ritola (left) and Paavo Nurmi (right), great Finnish athletes. Nurmi won first place in four Olympic events; Ritola sent the winning colors of Finland to the masthead in two events. The winner of the marathon was also a Finnish runner. The amazing fact about this athlete, Alben Stenroos, is that he has already passed his fortieth birthday



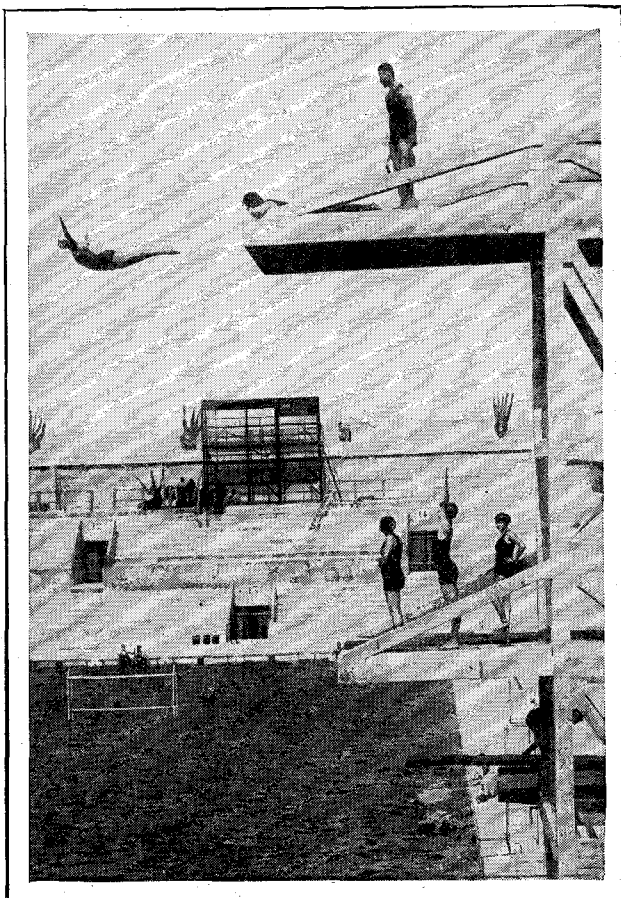
P. & A. Photos

than Greece Ever Knew



International

A general view of the Olympic rifle range at Chalons during the competition for the world's championships, in which the American Olympic gunnery team captured the major honors. Gunnery Sergeant Morris Fisher, of the U. S. Marine Corps, won the world's title.



P. & A. Photos

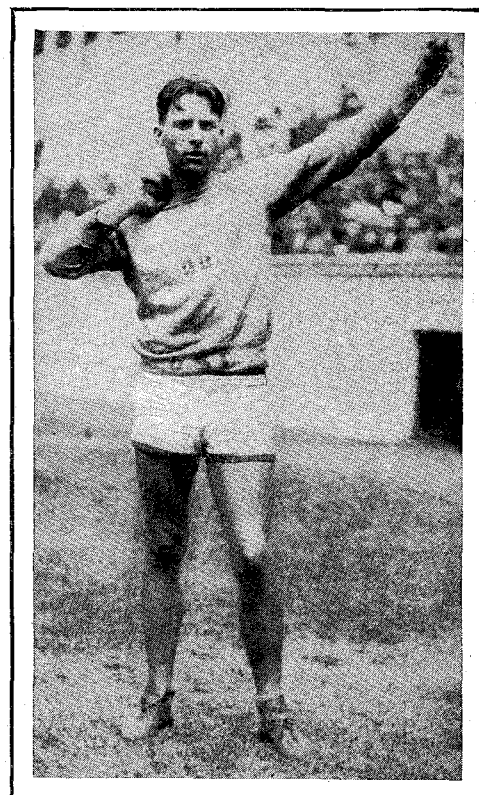
Helen Wainwright, one of the members of the Women's Olympic swimming team, doing a high dive at the Tourelles pool in preliminary practice for the Olympic competition



(C) Underwood

Dan Kinsey (left), of the University of Illinois, who helped run up the score of the United States in the track and field games to 255 points. He won the 110-meter hurdles race

A new record in an ancient Grecian sport was established by Clarence Houser (right), of California. Houser's achievement with the discus was one of the three new world's records set by American athletes in the Olympic Games. In this picture he is shown preparing to put the shot



International

by the very leaders who preached the cause of nationalism. Lauri Pihkala, who is well known in the United States, was in those days both a Nationalist leader and the foremost advocate of athletic effort among his countrymen. A graduate of Helsingfors University, he turned away from a professional career and gave his time from 1912 to 1917 to going about the country and encouraging the organization and growth of what has become a remarkably active system of athletic clubs. He learned the American system of school and college athletics while in this country, and is now seeking to have a similar plan installed in his own land. Since Finland gained its independence athletics have been introduced both in the regular army and in the militia. Pihkala and other men of similar views look on sport as something which their countrymen should continue

to develop, even though its first object, that of aiding to free them from Russia, has been gained.

As for the secrets of Finnish training, there appear not to be any. The man on whose information this story is based laughed at the idea. "No," he said, "we have no diet stunts or secret processes of any sort. We do not eat nuts or patent foods, such as some people advocate. Plain, every-day nourishment is good enough for our runners. We have no great system of professional trainers. The trainers are amateurs who work for the sake of seeing their teams win. Mikhala, the trainer of the 1924 Olympic team, has indeed been a professional, but in the United States, where he was engaged at Harvard."

In order to understand how keen an interest the Finns have come to take in track and field sports, it is necessary to

imagine a country without baseball or golf, a country where perhaps five hundred persons play tennis, and where the short open season does not favor football. In such a country athletics capture all the interest that would otherwise be dispersed among sports elsewhere common. The people take a similar interest, it is true, in winter sports. Nearly a thousand contestants enter the national ski meets each winter. It is a high figure for a country of rather less than three and a half million people, with an athletic club membership of some fifty thousand.

Finnish athletic success is a great deal more than the result of accidental favoring circumstances or of a fine national physique. It is an outgrowth of a small and earnest people's resolution to be great and of that people's gift for uniting to hold to one big idea with a bulldog grip and work long and hard for what it wants.

Nomination by Exhaustion

Political Side-Lights on Democratic Strategy

By STANLEY FROST

NOW that the smoke has begun to blow away from the battlefield of the Democratic National Convention and the dust is settling, the brilliant strategy and delicate manipulations which resulted in the nomination of John W. Davis are appearing. Things which were obscure when they happened are made clear by the result, and it is evident that George E. Brennan, the Boss of Illinois, has won a victory which may fairly entitle him to wear the shoes he inherited from Charles Murphy. Murphy's ghost undoubtedly stalked through the Convention and the victory was won along lines he laid down half a year ago, but the tactics and the carrying out of the plans must be credited to Brennan, and the credit they carry is very considerable.

There were two fundamental issues to be settled by the Convention. The first, of course, was the adoption of a platform and the choice of a nominee by which the Democracy could win, over Coolidge and Dawes. The second, which very soon took first place and was at the end about the only thing considered, was which faction of the party should control it. It is even likely that the chance of a successful solution of the first problem was sacrificed for the sake of victory in the party struggle.

Brennan's victory, to be sure, was not quite complete. To win he was compelled to make choice of a man far from

wholly satisfactory to the faction he commanded. He was unable to nominate a candidate, such as Smith or Underwood, who would meet the desire of the wet-hyphenated-Catholic-anti-Klan Democrats to show that they had complete control of the party, and that it was not necessary to political success in this country to be a native, white, Protestant of American stock. In fact, the nomination rather concedes that proposition.

The Power Behind the Nomination

MOREOVER, in order to win, Brennan had to accept a man who is in no way typical of either Tammany or the Illinois machine. Davis not only is not a professional politician, he is one of the finest types who could possibly be chosen for the Presidency. If he should be elected, there would be none of those "pickings" which the big city Democrats so ardently desire. There is no direct profit in him for any gang. Yet this is nothing new in politics; it is the same game that was played when Murphy made Gaynor Mayor of New York and Platt made Roosevelt Governor. The profit to the machine comes from keeping control of the party and from having a chance to win the election.

In spite of all this, it was a very real victory for Brennan and the big city Democrats. Davis was their choice; not that of McAdoo nor of the Klan, though some of the Klan-controlled delegates

were tricked into supporting him—which was the fine point of Brennan's strategy. Except that Davis is "dry," he has none of the qualifications which the South and West wanted. He favors the League, which they detest; he is a conservative, an Easterner, associated with big business. He is a representative, though the best possible representative, of the Eastern faction. He thinks their thoughts and his interests are theirs. He is a stranger to the South and West.

In spite of his fine character and fitness for the Presidency, it was really a remarkable feat for Brennan to win with him. Yet it is a feat which is actually usual in Democratic history, for the East has as a rule been able to dominate the party, except when Bryan's power was at its height. It does this purely through superior leadership and better generalship, for, as has been shown in previous reports on the Convention, the East is not only a minority of the party; it also represents States from which there is little hope of returning Democratic electors. So Brennan's success means that once more a faction of the party which can contribute almost nothing toward victory will reap whatever fruits that victory may produce.

The strategy by which the nomination was finally made throws a strong light on the whole pre-Convention campaign. It makes it seem improbable that there was ever any real hope or intent to nominate

Governor Smith. His rôle now becomes visibly that of the stalking horse. He was the screen behind which the forces of the Eastern Democrats were marshaled for the real drive, the target which was set up to draw the fire of the enemy till the vital attack could be developed. The plan evolved at French Lick last winter between Murphy, Brennan, and possibly Taggart, as now revealed, was clearly to operate behind this Smith screen, to hold several possible candidates in reserve until the critical moment came in the Convention, then to select the man who would be most nearly "satisfactory" and could still win, and throw the whole force of the combination behind him. This is the plan that was put through. There is reason to believe that the man originally chosen was not Davis, but Ralston, and that the real story of the Convention, when it comes out, will be the secret of why Ralston refused the nomination.

The Weapon of Weariness

THE chief weapon of the Brennan crowd in the Convention was exhaustion. The secondary weapon was Smith. He was held to the front so long and so vigorously that the opposition of the South and West, of the wets and the progressives and the Kluxers, became concentrated on him—concentrated to the point of blindness of all other factors. They were there to beat Smith, and were so intent on doing this, and so weary from the terrific grind of the 103 ballots, that at the end they could not see what they were doing. To them, in the state of weariness and prejudice into which Brennan's jockeying had thrown them, Davis seemed a desirable compromise. They were unable to realize that the nomination of Davis gave Brennan a victory just as definite, though less overwhelming.

One important part of the Brennan strategy was secrecy. If the McAdoo and Klan factions had realized for a moment that Davis was favored by the Eastern crowd, his nomination would have been impossible. So the Brennan support was carefully disguised, and when the revelation came it was too late for the South and West to save themselves. Perhaps, also, they were too weary. Certainly the Klan-McAdoo crowd was outgeneraled, outfought, and outstayed. This phase of the fight shows strongly the control which the Eastern faction had of its delegates and its campaign, for the South ruined the chances of Ralston, its second choice, by too open support, and this in spite of the Klan's boast of secrecy and of control of its members. Also the vacillation and scattering of the McAdoo strength is in vivid contrast to the almost perfect discipline of the East.

The final tactics on the floor show as clever generalship as has appeared at any National convention. The delegates had been wearied to the point of desperation, they had become convinced that it would be almost impossible to make any nomination at all, they were talking of bolts, rump nominations, and what-not. They were in a mood to accept anything that would release them from the torment of the roll-calls.

Then Brennan moved, secretly. There began to be a series of experiments with different candidates, to see—ostensibly—if any of them could muster strength enough to go across. The whisper sent out for first one man and then another was: "Let's give him a ride—try him out. Maybe he can win." Brennan saw to it that none got very far. Several were tried before Davis's turn came, so there was no suspicion of him. And his first strength did not come from the known Brennan people. It was never allowed to appear that he was their candidate. Few of the delegates believed that in voting for him they were doing more than pay a graceful compliment to a fine and prominent man.

Then, rather suddenly, votes came to him in larger blocks—even some of the Klan States turned from McAdoo—and when he was within striking distance Brennan suddenly threw him enough to insure success! It was parliamentary ju-jitsu.

The Local Fruit of Victory

BUT Brennan's victory was in the Convention only, for few even of the men who voted for Davis expect him to be able to win the election. The 11-5 odds which are being given in the New York betting quite accurately reflect the hopes even of the Democratic leaders. In so confused a campaign as this will be there is a fair chance that this pessimism will be wrong, and that his position will improve as the election draws near, but at the time it was generally believed that the Brennan crowd had won their Convention victory at the expense of the election. This might easily prove profitable to them, since control of their organizations is far more important to them than even a National victory.

It is generally admitted privately, even by the Democratic leaders, that Davis is a poor candidate, no matter how good a President he would make. How strong this feeling is can perhaps best be shown by some of the comments which leaders made to me about him in the days just preceding his nomination. They have changed their tune now, of course, but I believe these comments reflect their real opinion.

"There is only one issue for us in this

campaign," one Senator said to me. "It is the affiliation between the Republican Party and big business. We must attack it for catering to Wall Street, for the oil deals, for a general desire to foster business and protect wealth at the expense of the rest of the country. That is a good issue—a winning issue. But how far could we get with it if we offered as our nominee an attorney for J. P. Morgan and for the Standard Oil? He simply won't do."

"Our only hope in this campaign is to nominate a man who will offer the biggest possible contrast to Coolidge," another leader declared. "The best chance we have of success is to gather in all the voters who are dissatisfied with the Republicans. There are literally millions of men and women who are looking for some place to get away from the G. O. P. Our job is to give it to them, and, since the so-called issues in this campaign will be of minor importance, the way we can do it is to give them a leader who will be a strong contrast to the Republican leader. For that purpose Davis is about the last man to choose."

There are other counts against Davis on the score of "availability." One of the fundamental political rules is to nominate a man from a "doubtful" State, so that State pride will give the ticket electors who would otherwise be lost. Davis comes from West Virginia, and I have found no one who believes that he has a chance to carry it. It is almost as safely Republican as Pennsylvania.

A candidate also should be well known and popular. Davis is neither. Six months ago, in wandering around the West and South, I found few people who even knew who he was. And when I got him identified in a conversation the most frequent comment was: "Oh, yes. Well, he's all right as far as I know, but folks here don't seem to warm up to him." The men who nominated Davis knew all these things. The partisan victory, however, made them unimportant at the moment, and with a man of so fine a type as Davis they may be more or less overcome during the campaign.

The nomination of Bryan was another matter. The McAdoo people had time before the final session to regain their heads; the Brennan folks were not disposed to make too vigorous a fight. They were by that time ready to pay some attention to the chance of winning the election, and abandoned without much struggle their plan to nominate Senator Thomas Walsh. Bryan is, politically, a much more valuable nominee than Davis. He will presumably save for the party Nebraska, which is a doubtful State. He will help the ticket in all the farm States of the Middle West. He

offsets Davis's conservatism. That he will have no campaign value outside the wheat belt is unimportant.

The real drama of the Convention, as has been said, centered, not about the nomination of Davis, but the defeat of Ralston, who was probably the man selected to head the ticket at the famous midwinter conference of Murphy, Brennan, and Taggart. The whole of the story has not yet come to light, but what is known suggests high tragedy.

Taggart's life ambition has been to name a President. The chance to do so came in this Convention, with Ralston as the man. For success it was necessary to have the support of both the Klan and anti-Klan faction, since Taggart had no chance of tricking either side, as Brennan did. During the first week of the Convention the chance was lost (as has been told in an earlier article), through the indiscretion of some of the Klan delegates, whose open support of Ralston antagonized the Catholic faction.

But Taggart overcame this. He rallied the Ralston strength, and announced confidently that he would be nominated. Since the Klan support was assured, his

confidence must have been based on some arrangement with Brennan which re-established the original plans. Then came the disaster. There was a conference of Democratic leaders about noon of Tuesday, when the Ralston vote was around 200. Ralston was called on the telephone. What demands were made of him are not known; whatever they were, he refused them, and announced positively that he would not accept the nomination. Taggart went back to the Convention a beaten man. Ralston became instantly almost an outcast in his own State. And Brennan started the drive for Davis.

The High Cost of Civil War

THERE is one interesting side-light on the Convention. The cost of the long session will have to be paid from the funds of the Democratic National Committee, and that cost is nearly a million dollars. This is more than half of the total funds the Democratic Committee had in the 1920 campaign, and the necessity of meeting that bill will be a severe financial handicap throughout the campaign.

It is too early yet to estimate the full result of the nomination of Davis, but a few things stand out. The first is that, since there is so little contrast between Coolidge and Davis in fundamentals of character or political outlook, there will be nowhere for the "progressive" and dissatisfied elements to go but to La Follette, and the chances of his polling a heavy vote are considerably increased. Another is that if the election is thrown into the House of Representatives, which is the purpose of La Follette's race, he will be faced with a strange dilemma. There is little hope that he himself will be chosen by the House; his intent has been to select the more radical of the candidates. Now he will have small choice.

The most important result, however, is that it will make comparatively little difference to the country which man wins. There has not been in recent years a campaign when there was less difference between the candidates; when both were not only so nearly of a type, but of so high a grade. The country can face the campaign with very little worry over the outcome.

John W. Davis

An English View

By P. W. WILSON

WHEN Walter Hines Page resigned his position as United States Ambassador in London, there were speculations galore as to his successor. Names were mentioned, Republican as well as Democratic, like Charles W. Eliot, Herbert Hoover, W. H. Taft, and Colonel E. M. House—all of them names famous throughout the world. And at the announcement that the prize had been awarded to a certain John W. Davis, of West Virginia, there was faintly audible a murmur of chagrin. Nobody, except perhaps Lady Astor, had ever heard of the man. He was not even rich. And on both sides of the sea he had to be looked up in "Who's Who." For anecdotes about him there was, moreover, a frantic and fruitless search. Never was there a darker horse than he.

Eager inquiry disclosed the not very illuminating facts that he had been a lawyer and a Congressman, that on Sunday he attended a Protestant Episcopal church, and that President Wilson had appointed him to the arduous but hardly historic position of Solicitor-General, an official who enjoys no seat in the Cabi-

net. Davis had been, therefore, of lower status in the political hierarchy than Newton D. Baker, than Josephus Daniels, than Robert Lansing, than Bainbridge Colby; yet here he was sent to sit in the seat of Lowell, of Choate, of Whitelaw Reid, and of Walter Page. London did not at all appreciate the compliment. Davis seemed to be an excuse for the President to forget his other friends.

John W. Davis, of West Virginia, then arrived. As usual, the high society of London prepared to capture him. All the customary round of flattering functions was duly arranged. The West Virginia lawyer was to be made to feel quite at home. He was to be put entirely at his ease. His inexperience was to be politely overlooked. The stage was thus set for hospitality; and suddenly, to the surprise of the high society, John W. Davis not only stepped onto the stage but filled it. Handsome, suave, soft of voice, precise in phrase, dignified without assertion, well-informed without pedantry, a lawyer without legalism, he appeared from his first day to his last as Ambassador the complete diplomatist—easy, shrewd, sym-

pathetic, yet candid. In his dealings with Britain he neither spared words nor wasted them. And as a negotiator he was more formal than Page, but his efficiency was as effortless. Obviously, he was as his Excellency a first-class envoy, and when a change of Administration at Washington necessitated his retirement London was outspoken in her impatience over the waste of such an asset by "Uncle Sam." Why could not Davis continue his admirable services even if there were a Republican President?

When Britain wants statesmen, she does not begin by searching the stables for dark horses. She prefers the well-known to the unknown, and her leading Ministers are not so much the favorite sons of Yorkshire or Cumberland as men tested by years in Parliament, in the departments, and in the Cabinet itself. Among the connoisseurs of Buckingham Palace, of Downing Street, and of the press the personality of John W. Davis was weighed in such balances. And the verdict on him was that he belonged to the rare class from which Prime Ministers are drawn. The London "Times"



International

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Davis

did not hesitate, therefore, to hail him as a possible President of the United States. And that undoubtedly has been the considered opinion of those whose opinions count in Great Britain. It is an opinion not due to appreciation of the friendship for England displayed by Davis as Ambassador. The memory of Walter Page as a friend of England in the dark days was too recent to permit of comparisons. It was Davis himself that Britain admired. It was his capacity that was indorsed. The verdict had nothing to do with policy pursued and nothing to do with parties.

Imagine, then, the surprise in Britain when this Ambassador, after resigning, suddenly disappeared from view. True, his party was out of office; but is there not a Senate in the United States where his international experience, his lucid exposition, his silvery eloquence, would be of value? And are there not forty-eight

Governorships which require calm judicial minds? Yet here was John W. Davis, ignored by the Democratic Convention in San Francisco, excluded thus from politics on the Federal plane, and so burying himself and his career, at the very prime of life, in a lawyer's office near Wall Street. This brilliant man, still in his forties, was reduced to a mere back number the memory of whose former promise was from time to time briefly revived by paragraphic references to his Chairmanship of the English-Speaking Union. Athanasius enunciated three Incomprehensibles, and the United States was a fourth.

Then took place the Democratic Convention in New York. It was the first of such conventions that Britain—with interest aroused by the war—watched, as it were, at close quarters. The interminable speeches, the childish parades, the mechanical applause, the terrific struggle

over the Ku Klux Klan, the indifference to the League of Nations, the obstinate ballots, the personal jealousies—it seemed to her, as to sophisticated Knickerbockers themselves, to be, on the surface, the very negation of sagacity. And yet out of the volcano or the circus, however you regard it, there suddenly emerged from the oblivion of an armchair in Frank L. Polk's parlor the once-familiar but now almost forgotten figure of John W. Davis. In an hour the man who had been nothing, except to his clients, again became not merely something but nearly everything to the Nation. From the lamplight of his library at Locust Valley he was plunged into the limelight of Madison Square Garden and, as he puts it, condemned to "no more privacy than a goldfish."¹ American politics are Kismet. And their uncertainties are Oriental. Incomprehensibles were piled on the incomprehensible like Pelion on Ossa.

That Britain admired John W. Davis as Ambassador does not mean, however, that as candidate John W. Davis will of necessity carry all before him. That is as it may be. Was it not Speaker Reed who defined a statesman as a politician spoiled? It was not for qualities, spectacular and popular, that Woodrow Wilson promoted Davis and that Britain extolled him. In a rough-and-ready world he is refined. Fastidious in dress and courtly in manner, he is every inch of him a gentleman, not by education alone, but by heredity. Of indiscretion he is incapable, and his unerring correctitude, like a long break at billiards, may become monotonous. He is a picture; but he is not always picturesque. All things to all men, like St. Paul, he has to be on guard when all men speak well of him. In a sense, he has not enough enemies. He can be as pro-British as the English-Speaking Union, yet act as counsel for the Irish Free State. With Davis it is not easy to argue on any topic, for what he says about it is usually the last word. As Ambassador, putting the view of the United States before Britain and the view of Britain before the United States, he was perfect. As Chief Justice of the Supreme Court he would be great. As Speaker of the House of Commons he could not fail of success. In any office where equity, impartiality, balance of judgment is needed, John W. Davis must be the right man. But as Presidential candidate is his triumph a conclusion thus assured? Can he arouse enthusiasm as well as personal respect?

It is a question often applied to Asquith. His mind, his reading, his profession as lawyer, the brevity and clarity of

¹ Mr. Davis may have expressed his feelings in this way, but we think that Irvin Cobb should at least be credited with an assist.—The Editors.

his speeches, his scrupulous impartiality of statement—all these recall the especial characteristics of Mr. Davis. But Asquith without Lloyd George has never been a constructive statesman; and it may be that as President John W. Davis would require a Cabinet with a more stimulating initiative than his own. Give to Mr. Davis a series of facts or a mass of documents, and after a methodical day of fourteen hours he will return to you in a few sentences the whole crux of the matter. When a situation has arisen, he knows how to deal with it. But he is not the man to create a situation. He is, rather, like Asquith, a critic, a student, a diligent and untired worker who never comes into the open until he has mastered his subject in private. It is by sheer toil that he attains this mastery, this simple facility of phrase and outlook. He has spent his fourteen-hour day on shedding the unessentials. His head is remarkable. The brain dominates the countenance.

If politics be no more than the art of insuring to all citizens what has been called the "fair deal," John W. Davis is adequate. In attacking, let us say, the oil scandals, his clean, concise rhetoric may well cut deep. Like Asquith, he has, moreover, debated powerfully and analytically against tariffs. And as Asquith, by cross-examination, broke the case for the London "Times" against Parnell, the Irish leader, so did Davis prosecute the Harvester Corporation. Acting for Woodrow Wilson on questions like the eight-hour day, Davis was a great advocate of democratic right as there laid down. But the question at the moment is, how far, now that he is himself the leader, moving alone at the head of the army, will he be a progressive? A sentinel has great virtue, but he is static. The crusader must be dynamic. Is that or is it not the rôle of John W. Davis? Able courageously to carry out bold orders on the responsibility of another, can he be as bold in giving the orders himself?

Much has been written about the practice at law pursued by Mr. Davis. In this matter he appears to have followed the age-long traditions of the bar wherever the English language is spoken. According to those traditions, every citizen, whatever his circumstances, is entitled to legal advice and, if need be, to a legal defense. When, therefore, an attorney like John W. Davis represents, on the one hand, a Pierpont Morgan, and, on the other hand, a Debs, no comment—according to the British practice—should arise. Nor do I remember any instance of a lawyer who is also a politician finding himself in trouble because he has received a large fee. It is, I be-

lieve, contrary to etiquette for members of Parliament to plead at what is called the Parliamentary bar for or against private bills (affecting water power, railway development, and so on). But the reason of this self-denying ordinance is merely that as member of the House a lawyer might be called on to vote for or against a bill about which as counsel he had presented an argument before some committee. Some at least of the language used about Mr. Davis would be followed in England by a prompt action for libel. To suggest financial impropriety against a public man, however vaguely, is there regarded as a serious affair, for which a newspaper can be held responsible for heavy damages. At the same time there have been, in general terms, complaints that the legal profession is too strongly represented in Parliament. And the objection to lawyers, especially on the part of Liberals, is that their habit of mind must be conservative. They depend on written statutes and on ancient precedents, not on the experience of actual life. This at least is the charge, but I sometimes wonder how far it is justified. In dealing with clients from every class of the community John W. Davis has seen a good deal of actual life. The allegation will never be brought against him which Woodrow Wilson had to face, that he is a professor addressing mankind from the rostrum of a pedagogue. Grover Cleveland was a lawyer and once belonged to the firm of which Davis has been a partner. Calvin Coolidge, Mr. Davis's Republican rival, is a lawyer. And none of these men has been precisely academic.

No one who has read the speech by Mr. Davis in which he told England about the powers of the Senate to deal with treaties will suppose for one moment that, with so clear a grip as his on the realities of the American Constitution, he will pay much attention to the plank in the Democratic platform which subjects the League of Nations as an issue to a referendum. Whenever a large and contentious measure is brought before the British Parliament, there is always somebody who says that it ought to be referred to a direct vote of the people; and as a rule a dilatory motion to that effect is interjected into the passage of the bill. As a filibustering or obstructive device Britain is thus quite familiar with the referendum, which is often proposed at Westminster but never applied. To Britain John W. Davis stood for the League of Nations without any such subterfuge to becloud the straight decision. And inevitably Britain will see in his nomination—still more in his election if it should come about—a new advance towards the ideals of Woodrow Wilson.

To this day the British do not understand why the United States still remains outside the League. Four years ago that attitude was explained, rightly or wrongly, by allusions to Irish and German sabotage and to Woodrow Wilson's alleged unwisdom in declining reservations and in holding Republican Leaguers like Taft, Root, and Hughes at arm's length. The real argument for American "isolation" was hardly at all appreciated. The whole business was attributed to Henry Cabot Lodge playing politics. And in this year of grace 1924 England does not accept President Coolidge's dictum that for the United States the League of Nations is a settled affair—an affair settled, that is, in the negative. It may be, doubtless is the fact that with Britain, as with all communities and individuals, the wish is father to the thought. But just as Prime Minister MacDonald talks about conciliating France and Germany, so does he talk about persuading the United States to join the League of Nations. In fact, it was upon some such prospect that MacDonald saved his face this month in his surrender to Herriot over the Reparation Commission—an incident of such significance to the Presidential contest that a word of exact elucidation may be permitted. At present the Reparation Commission consists of four Powers—France and Belgium, Italy and Britain. As France occupies the Chair and exercises a casting vote, the Commission, on disputed issues, represents—so argues Britain—France and only France. Hence the British demand that some other body than the Reparation Commission must in future determine whether Germany has or has not been guilty of "flagrant default"—MacDonald's phrase—over the Dawes Report. To this Herriot agreed until, pressed by his critics, he was threatened with defeat in the French Senate. To save Herriot, MacDonald then acquiesced once more in the Reparation Commission, but added the hope that the United States would now send a representative to that body, for he believed that the American's vote would turn the balance in favor of British policy. Stripped of technicalities, this means the United States joining the most contentious agency, as it were, of the League of Nations. At Geneva there are doubtless debates on opium and the white slave traffic. But on the Reparation Commission the agenda includes the Rhine boundary. There could not be a clearer case of what critics call "entanglement" and advocates praise as "the United States playing her rightful part in the world." When, therefore, Davis is called pro-British, let us understand what is meant. He is no more fond of

Britain than is Secretary Hughes, now staying in London. But over the League of Nations he agrees with Britain. Indeed, he agrees with Ireland, for Ireland now belongs to the League. His nomination means inevitably that the League must be again considered by the United States. It is not the eloquent speech of

Newton D. Baker that insures this. It is the interested spectatorship of every nation other than the United States on the face of the globe. It is mankind that puts the question which this country alone can answer. And questions are usually personified in individuals. To the question, join the League or stay out,

mankind sees in Coolidge what Carlyle called the Everlasting No and in Davis what Carlyle called the Everlasting Yes. And nothing that these distinguished men may say by way of reservation will change very much that sharp choice for which they have become the international symbols.

Charles W. Bryan

A Neighbor's Estimate

By WILL OWEN JONES

Editor, Nebraska "State Journal"

I SET myself the difficult task of putting down the exact facts concerning the personality and career of Charles W. Bryan. I know him well, having lived with him on Main Street for nearly a third of a century. In these small cities it is no easy matter to pass judgment publicly upon neighbors we would like to live with in amity during the rest of our lives. A close adherence to the record is necessary when one is asked to review the life of a fellow-townsmen just nominated for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

The formal biography of Charles Wayland Bryan is short, for reasons readily understood. He was born in Salem, Illinois, on February 10, 1867, seven years after his brother, William Jennings Bryan. He attended the public schools, was a student for a short time at Whipple Academy, Jacksonville, and entered the preparatory school at Chicago where his brother was studying law. But his widowed mother, living on a large farm near Salem, needed help. He was subject to severe headaches and nervous attacks, which in the then undeveloped state of optometry made outdoor life desirable. He therefore gave up his studies and managed the farm until his mother moved to town. Freed from this responsibility, he followed his brother to Nebraska, arriving in Lincoln in 1897 and spending two years with a small manufacturing concern. He then removed to Omaha, and for nearly three years was traveling salesman for the W. A. Page Soap Company. He was of course deeply interested in the Presidential campaign of his brother, and soon after the election of 1896 returned to Lincoln to become W. J. Bryan's personal adviser and business manager.

The activities of the elder Bryan included the writing of books, frequent lecture tours, now and then a Presidential candidacy, and after 1900 the publication

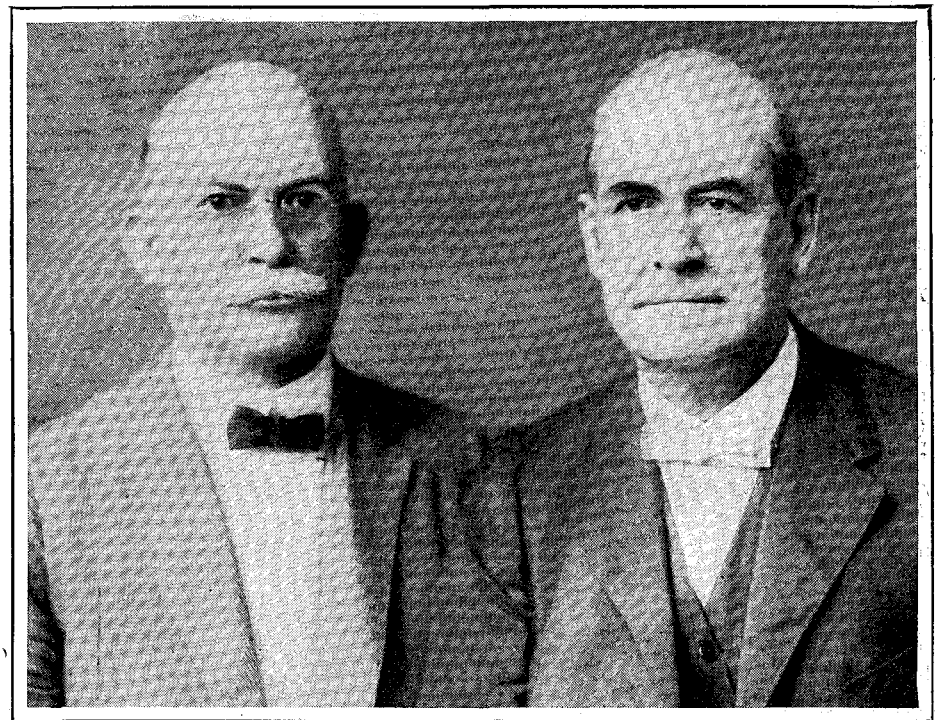


Photo by Townsend, Lincoln, Neb.

The Bryan Brothers

Charles Wayland Bryan

William Jennings Bryan

of a political weekly, the "Commoner." Charles W. Bryan took entire charge of the business side of all of these affairs. Unable to agree with the assistant editors during the frequent absences of the chief, he let them go and took their work upon himself. When the "Commoner" suspended publication a short time ago, he was in charge as editor as well as manager, his brother having lost interest in the paper several years before.

It was a part of the Bryan programme to keep in touch with the leading men in the liberal wing of the Democratic Party of the Nation. On his speaking tours the elder brother acquired and maintained an enormous personal acquaintance. On every tour the names of faithful friends were brought in and duly recorded. A large file of correspondence was built up in this way and through the letters written directly to the paper. It was the

pleasure of the younger brother to keep track of these Democrats, to list them and classify them. It became his habit to speak of himself and his brother as one and to group the Democrats of State and Nation into two general divisions—those who were "with us" in "our policies" and those who were "against us" because they were under some sinister influence, presumably exerted by Wall Street.

Although Charles W. Bryan had been kept from pursuing systematic courses of study by poor eyesight and the nervous condition that still makes it necessary to wear a skull cap to protect his head from glaring lights and draughts, he has a mind of unusual power in mastering detail. During the years devoted to reading the mass of Bryan correspondence he collected in his mind and in his file more of the minutiae of ward and city and State and National politics than any

other man in America, without a doubt. When the elder Bryan was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency at Denver, in 1908, his affairs were wholly in the hands of his brother, who had matters so well under control that the fight was over before it began. Charley Bryan placed his cards face up on the table before the National bosses, who unwillingly conceded his mastery of the situation. A Western small-town man who could do that must have talent for political organization.

In his early political life W. J. Bryan had refused to become interested in prohibition. Becoming convinced that the liquor interests had been unfaithful to him in 1908, he decided to punish them. In 1910 he bolted the nomination of J. C. Dahlman, Democratic nominee for Governor of Nebraska. This brought on a warfare lasting several years, which carried both of the Bryans over to the dry cause. It finally made the elder Bryan so disgusted with his treatment at the hands of the wet Nebraska Democrats that it was easy to convince himself that when the health of his wife made a change of residence desirable it would be proper to move to Florida.

As the elder Bryan's interest in Nebraska politics and in his paper lessened his brother began to enter public life on his own account. He made a fight as a citizen against the prevailing gas rates, and became Mayor of Lincoln, serving for one term with considerable turmoil and average achievement. In 1921, after a rest from public life, he was again a candidate for Mayor, but was placed in charge of the streets of the city instead. This did not curtail his political activity. While serving as Commissioner, or member of the Council, he established a municipal coal-yard and advertised his fight against the monopolizing of essential commodities so well that he rather easily won the Democratic nomination for Governor of Nebraska in 1922. Campaigning actively on his coal price record and promises to reduce taxes, he was elected by about 50,000 votes, running far ahead of his ticket. He had won a nomination for a second term when his retirement from the race was made necessary by his acceptance of the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. From the Convention hall at New York he directed by wire the details of the opening of a public gasoline station and told his supporters that 15-cent gasoline had been made possible in the vicinity of Lincoln through his efforts. A municipal filling station at Omaha had previously brought the price down there, just as a city coal-yard had set the price of fuel in Omaha before Mr. Bryan adopted the idea in Lincoln.

Close as Charles W. Bryan is to his brother politically, he is his business and social complement. He is called an indifferent speaker, although exceedingly fluent in conversation, which usually runs to monologue. He is not a joiner. Even a church membership has been neglected, in spite of his Baptist inheritance and sympathies. He has a quick smile and a ready wit. He retains his interests in farming. He plays a good game of pocket billiards and is popular personally



Photo by Townsend, Lincoln, Neb.

Mrs. Charles W. Bryan

in one corner of our club among a considerable group of men who do not care for his political practices. This brings us to some curious differences between his public and his private life.

Mr. Bryan brought to Lincoln in 1892 as a bride Miss Elizabeth Brokaw, whose grandfather had migrated from Kentucky to Illinois because of his hostility to slavery. Their home life is ideal. Their son, Silas, made a fine war record and is already prominent in law and public life in Minnesota. The daughter, Mary Louise, was married in June to W. E. Harnsberger, of Ashland. Mrs. Bryan is popular with all classes, a modest and gracious mistress of the Governor's mansion. Governor Bryan has a sound personal rating. Let him promise one hundred dollars to-morrow, and the money is as good as in your bank. But if some public or political action is involved the same feeling of entire dependability does not obtain.

The opponents of Mr. Bryan explain this feeling on the ground that he is always less interested in the merits of a cause than in its political effect. They

say that he possesses the unusual power of making himself believe in any policy that his judgment tells him will be popular, that he takes these positions with great celerity and with a childlike belief in his own intellectual honesty. He seems to be perfectly sincere in thinking that every opponent of the Bryans and their policies must be driven by some ulterior and sinister purpose. In like manner, he readily convinces himself that any supporter of his cause must be actuated by noble motives. In fighting political battles it is customary for him to assume the moral guilt, if not political treason, of any person who stands up to oppose him. He plans campaigns with elaborate *finesse* and uses every possible device to mobilize public opinion against his adversaries. Terrorism rather than personal regard is his chief reliance. Mr. Bryan's friends insist that his view is the inevitable result of the zeal with which he has fought "the interests." He is one of the few men, they hold, who can be depended upon to sustain popular right without regard to the feelings of the propertied people. Those who disbelieve in him, and they include a considerable portion of the business, professional, and town property-owning classes, admit that Mr. Bryan will do exactly that thing, risking without compunction the most valuable social institutions and safeguards in order to gain political advantage. Contemplating Mr. Bryan's two years as Mayor of Lincoln, his year or more as street commissioner, and his year and a half as Governor of Nebraska, I conclude that this danger is more apparent than real. It is true that he has involved the city government and also the Legislature in unnecessary turmoil and irritation. He has been agile in dodging unpleasant consequences and swift to claim credit when profits were in sight. He has dislocated the coal and gasoline trade of a considerable area, to the terror of old-fashioned business men, to the joy of believers in State Socialism, and to the frank interest but not serious alarm of open-minded explorers who believe that competition is dead and that some new method must be found for keeping monopolized prices within reason. On the other hand, the Governor has made creditable appointments, especially to the bench, and there has been less of a saturnalia of politics in the State House than we all expected. What he has really accomplished is a matter of sharp partisan controversy. In the end, I believe, the greatest dissatisfaction over Charles W. Bryan will be felt by those who take seriously his promises radically to alter present conditions and institutions.

"Movies" and America's Musical Tastes

By HUGO RIESENFELD

ONE cannot talk about music in the motion-picture theater without touching on the music in America generally and comparing it with that of other cultured nations.

It is well known that practically every city of 50,000 inhabitants in Western and Central Europe has its own municipal theater, where opera and light opera are presented regularly. The season lasts from September until Palm Sunday. Here in the United States, with the exception of the Chicago and Metropolitan Opera Houses, and one or two traveling companies, we have no organization that furnishes us with good operatic performances. Nor have we anything that duplicates the promenade concerts abroad. Our popular concerts as they were under Anton Seidl and Thomas have completely disappeared, with the noteworthy exception of the summer concerts in Ravinna Park, Chicago, and in Willow Grove, Philadelphia.

There is something, however, which has sprung up in the last ten years to fill the gap. More than that, it has developed such an interest in good music that many communities have been stimulated to spend money and energy for the formation of high-grade symphony orchestras. It is the motion-picture theater with its applied art, music, that has done this fine work.

In this country we are supreme in utilizing music in the motion-picture theater. Last summer I traveled through a great deal of Europe, and found nothing that could compare with what the United States is doing in this field. Europe herself recognizes this and is constantly sending over her theater directors to study our methods of presenting pictures to the public—that is, to learn how best to employ music as the accompaniment for films.

The development of movie music, if I may call it such, in the short period of ten years has been little short of miraculous. In the beginning it was limited to a single tin-pan piano, and those of the audience who were unfortunate enough to come during the pianist's dinner hour had to make the best of what was literally the silent drama.

Now all the better-class theaters have full-sized orchestras, some of them numbering seventy musicians. A number of the finest organists in the country are to be found in motion-picture houses. In the metropolitan districts the amount spent on music approaches a third of the total running expenses.

THIS article is written by a man who is perhaps the best-known leader of theater orchestras in the country. He knows the story of music and movies from the ground up.

There are two kinds of music used in connection with motion-picture programmes. One is concert music such as one hears played by symphony orchestras—overtures, parts of symphonies, arias, and songs. The other is music which is applied directly to the film—the score which runs along as its accompaniment.

It is remarkable how far the public taste has advanced since the inception of the first "movie" orchestra. Only a few years ago a musical conductor in a motion-picture house was considered imprudent, if not completely foolhardy, if he attempted anything heavier than "Poet and Peasant," "Rienzi," or the overture from "Wilhelm Tell." Now these old chestnuts are no longer the favorites. In looking over to-day's programme one sees the names of Wagner, Tschaiikowsky, Debussy, Richard Strauss, Brahms, Charpentier, and Dukas. It is no mistake to say that the motion-picture orchestras have brought about this change. By familiarizing the public with classical compositions once beyond it, they have gradually developed an appreciation for deeper and more pretentious music.

Now as to the music of the scores. Originally the accompaniment for films was a pot-pourri of popular music played without regard to its appropriateness to the picture. To-day we have specially compiled and frequently specially composed scores. The arrangement of the musical accompaniment for some of the larger films is often a labor of two or three months. The most painstaking care is put into finding music that exactly reproduces the mood of each scene as it appears on the screen. If such music cannot be found, it is composed.

The lay public does not appreciate how exhaustively the musical libraries of every continent are combed for melodies that will create just the right illusion. Historical films particularly require the searching out of unusual music and unusual instruments to reflect the atmosphere of the times. To give an example,

for the score of "Deception," a film which depicted the time of Henry VIII, original compositions by Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn were unearthed, and the clavicin, oboe di caccica, and viola de gamba were introduced. In ransacking the garrets of 1849 for appropriate music for "The Covered Wagon," the famous "Suzanna" and other once popular but long-forgotten songs of the period were discovered. These melodies crystallize the whole musical setting of the film.

Always the composer of motion-picture scores has to walk a tight rope, avoiding on the one side music that obtrudes itself too much and on the other that which is too restrained to bring out the full flavor of the film. It is no simple task to keep the score from distracting the attention of the audience and yet make it enhance every scene to the utmost.

Until recently there has been a tendency to let each theater shift for itself so far as the musical end of pictures was concerned. This was not so bad for the more prosperous houses, but it left many of the smaller ones high and dry. For, naturally, not every theater is able to have a perfect accompaniment arranged for every film. Now, however, a system of syndication is being adopted, at least in the case of the more pretentious pictures. A special score written before the first showing is distributed with the film, enabling the smallest Main Street town to have what was formerly available only to metropolitan audiences. There are numbers of such scores now being used not only all over this country but in Europe, Australia, and the Far East.

In still one other way is the motion-picture theater contributing to the musical progress of the country—that is, in the development of able conductors, singers, and good routine musicians.

It is not generally known that at least nine months are required to train a musician for cinema work. An entirely different technique is required from that of playing in a symphony orchestra. Complete flexibility is essential. The movie musician must be able to jump from one mood to another with the agility of an acrobat. There is no gradual working up to a grand finale. To a great extent he must unlearn what he knows, disregarding all dynamic signs such as "forte," "accelerato," and taking his cues entirely from the conductor.

In this connection I might say that my one regret is that so few Americans take up music as a vocation. The quickness and adaptability that characterize the

American in other lines make no exception of music. It is remarkable how easily a conductor can differentiate the nationality of his musicians just by watching them play.

And now regarding the singers. There is nothing so beneficial for a performer as performance. The peculiarity of our motion-picture programme demands that the artist sing the same song two or three times a day. This may seem trying, but it is in fact a great blessing. The singer learns how to overcome that dreaded bugbear of performers, stage-fright.

Only the person who has experienced this distressing sensation can appreciate

what the conquering of it means. I have heard stars who receive thousands of dollars for a single performance tell how they are physically upset for hours preceding their appearance. It is well known that one famous opera singer used to become actually ill on the day before he was scheduled to sing a new rôle.

Constant appearances are the best antidote for stage-fright. Performing before an audience becomes second nature. If only all our opera singers could be put through such grueling training as the motion-picture theater requires, instead of the sort that calls for only two or three

appearances a month, they would be less addicted to temperament and better able to do themselves full justice.

Classical music has definitely established a place for itself inside the pale of the average American's existence. No longer does he shun it as something on a plane with educational lectures. His attitude has passed from indifference to toleration, and from toleration to enjoyment. A Beethoven overture may not arouse him to as wild raptures as it does the more emotional European, but he at least has reached the point of listening attentively and responding with warm applause.

The Negro in Politics

By LESTER A. WALTON

IT is a curious and noteworthy coincidence during these feverish days of organized blocs, whose primary object it is to function cogently as a unit on matters political, religious, or racial, that the American Negro, heretofore regarded with grave apprehension in some quarters because of his predilection for giving unswerving support to one party only at the polls, is ceasing to articulate as a cohesive, undivided group.

To-day a phenomenon is taking place which few if any would have envisaged a few years back. There is a Negro exodus from the South due to economic and social causes; but in the North another migration is going on—that of the Negro from the Republican Party. Behold in our midst the Negro Democrat, the Negro Socialist, and even the Negro I. W. W.!

New York Negroes were the first to take the initiative in what they termed "the movement to emancipate the race in politics." In Harlem, where nearly 200,000 reside, most of them are in the Nineteenth and Twenty-first Assembly Districts, both formerly rock-ribbed Republican, but now Democratic in consequence of the colored voters' defection. Neither district is wholly colored, a considerable number of white voters living in each.

During the campaign last November, when Democrats were making a determined drive to capture the lower branch of the State Legislature at Albany, the white Democrats of the Twenty-first Assembly District were as zealous in their efforts to re-elect Henri W. Shields, a Negro, to the Assembly as the colored Democrats. On the evening of November 6, Edmund P. Holohan, white Demo-

THE Republican Party is no longer able to depend upon securing the Negro vote in some sections of the country merely because Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. Lester A. Walton, a Negro journalist of New York City, tells of the shift of Negro opinion.

cratic district leader, sent word to Ferdinand Q. Morton, member of the Civil Service Commission of New York City and leader of the United Colored Democracy, that Shields's re-election was assured if the colored districts made as good a showing as the white districts. Although strenuous efforts were made by white and colored Republicans to put into office a white man, who was the G. O. P. candidate, Shields was returned winner.

The contest for Alderman of the Nineteenth District presented another anomaly. A white Democrat and a colored Republican were contestants. Leader Morton issued a statement to colored Democrats and independent voters as to "why Healy should be elected instead of Pope," setting forth that, "although Mr. Pope is a colored man, the interests of our racial group will be best served by the election of Mr. Healy. If you are an enrolled Democrat, you are under a double obligation to do everything in your power to bring about Mr. Healy's election." The Democrat won.

Since the mayoralty election in 1921, New York Negroes have hearkened to

pleas "to support men and measures instead of parties; to regard politics more as a business than a sentimental attachment." In the campaign for United States Senator and Governor in 1922 Negroes again put Harlem in the Democratic column. They were also instrumental in sending a Democrat to the House of Representatives at Washington from the Twenty-first Congressional District, something unheard of. That year the Socialists of New York made a bid for Negro support by nominating for Secretary of State A. Philip Randolph, a Negro.

It is generally conceded that in November, 1922, a Democrat was chosen United States Senator from Delaware by reason of a division of the Negro vote. Negroes opposed the re-election of the Republican member of Congress from the Wilmington District because of his refusal to support the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill. In going down to defeat, the Congressman carried with him his colleague running for a Senatorial toga.

In the spring of 1923 the Negroes of Chicago threw much of their strength to Mayor Dever, who captured what had been considered impregnable Republican strongholds on the South Side. Baltimore Negroes were next to leave the Republican Party in appreciable numbers, contributing in a large way to the election of a Democratic Mayor. In their zeal to elect the Democratic candidates they encompassed the defeat of the two Negro members of the City Council up for re-election.

So prominent a part did the colored voters play in helping re-elect Albert C. Ritchie Governor of Maryland in November that on the night of election the

Governor publicly thanked them for "the expression of confidence placed in me."

The Negro voters of Kansas City, Missouri, were the last to manifest a marked spirit of independence at the polls, many of the Negro wards going Democratic at the mayoralty election held in April of this year.

That Southern Democrats are not averse to Negro support is evidenced by the statement made last November by Chairman Hull of the Democratic National Committee, who went on record as saying: "The results of the State elections in both Kentucky and Maryland indicate that the colored voters in those States no longer regard themselves as mere chattels of the Republican Party. The assertion of independence by colored voters of the North and South is one of the most hopeful signs of the future progress of colored people. It is only through independence enough to vote on the merits of public questions rather than as Republican chattels that they can obtain recognition of their just rights in all matters affecting their interests and that make for the general welfare of their race."

While Negroes are dividing their vote on State and local issues, it is too early to forecast what their attitude will be in the Presidential campaign. At a meeting of the United Colored Democracy, recently held in New York, a resolution to pledge loyal support to the Presidential candidates on the Democratic ticket was defeated by a two-thirds vote on the grounds that it was inexpedient, untimely, and impolitic to pass so binding a resolution without first knowing the candidates' stand on the Negro question.

The time may not be far off when the Negro will be found voting the Democratic ticket in the South. A few leading Southern dailies already are urging abolishment of the white primary. Some weeks ago the Columbus (Georgia) "Enquirer-Sun" commented on "the badly mixed political conditions in Georgia" in the following vein: "What we refer to as a Democratic Party is in reality a white man's primary system. Any white man can participate in our State or National primaries."

Joining in the discussion, the Florida "Times-Union" replied: "A State whose nominations are made in white primaries, in which being white is the only requisite for participation, has no Democratic Party. White men are not always Democrats, and if they are not they should not take part in a Democratic primary. Negroes who are Democrats should be permitted to participate. Participation in Democratic primaries should be an expression of political opinion. It certainly is not a social function."

Under the caption, "The 'Times-Union' Speaks Out," the Florida "Sentinel," a Negro weekly published at Jacksonville, remarked: "This expression of the 'Times-Union' is worthy of both consideration and commendation. It has always been to the advantage of the Negro to cast his lot with the better element of citizens of the South. They are broad enough to follow policies which, while maintaining the traditional racial separateness, have permitted the betterment of the community and of all classes of citizens. The interests of the Negro run parallel with those of his neighbors in local matters, and the candidates for office, regardless of political affiliations, who will conduct their offices to the best interests of all will serve him."

To-day in America religion and politics seem to be more correlated than ever before. One of the reactions from Ku Kluxism is the growing increase in the number of Negroes embracing the Catholic faith. What is more, the Catholic Church is welcoming the Negro into the fold with outstretched arms. Negroes forsaking Protestantism for Catholicism declare the latter is more practical in its application of the teachings of Christianity. They point to lynchings and burnings at stake of Negro men and women, oftentimes witnessed by men, women, and children, most of whom profess to be good Christians and, as a rule, Protestants.

That there are members of the Methodist and Baptist denominations who are outspoken in their advocacy of the Ku Klux Klan is assigned as another reason for the Negro's changing religious viewpoint. Reference to the full stature of citizenship and the full enjoyment of political and civic rights in New York, Boston, and other cities, where heads of the local government usually are members of the Catholic Church, are repeatedly made by Negro converts to Catholicism.

This unprecedented number of Negro conversions in the Catholic Church has not gone unnoticed. The "Star of Zion," organ of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, says: "The amount of interest that the Negro has in the Roman Catholic Church is a new subject in current discussions. The Knights of Columbus in the war camps during the late war struggle showed its concern for the race in humanitarian works and won some real respect among Negroes. The recent activities of the Ku Klux Klan in classing Negroes with Catholics have seemed to be a cause for the Negro to seek an alliance with Catholics."

The Pittsburgh "Christian Alliance," published in the interest of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in discussion on "Ne-

gro Leadership," quotes "America," a Catholic magazine. "America" says in part: "The Negro leaders are almost wholly fashioned by non-Catholic influences. . . . Hence the importance of a Catholic leadership among Negroes. Such a leadership can be developed only through Catholic education. This education must in every sense meet the demands of the modern Negro and include within its scope not merely industrial training but the highest mental discipline and culture which colored students are so rapidly obtaining from non-Catholic sources. Any lesser conception of Catholic Negro education, though it may accomplish a limited amount of good, will not solve the problem. Last year four Catholic schools of higher education graduated five Negroes. A large number had Negroes on their rolls. Yet this poor showing represents a record-breaking year in Catholic Negro education. We must show a yearly increase in the number of our colored graduates if we hope to cope with the situation."

Desertion by the Negro of Protestantism for Catholicism is not as conspicuous as the heira from the Republican Party. Nevertheless, the Negro's latest religious gesture is highly significant when it is recalled that in the past he was a strict, uncompromising Protestant, who, up to a decade or so ago, held membership largely in the Methodist and Baptist churches.

Disintegration of the Negro vote is viewed with unconcealed satisfaction by many forward-thinkers, be they white or colored, Republican or Democrat. Some entertain the thought that sooner or later this new-born spirit of independence at the ballot-box will take root in the South; that elections in that section will be decided by the alignment of intelligent white and colored voters rather than by the white man's primary.

The specter of Negro domination in politics, whether real or imaginary, has been one of the South's chief deterrent forces. Not only has this fear, becoming an obsession, retarded the industrial progress of the South, so rich in natural resources, but it has been largely responsible for the political enslavement of the two races.

It would seem, paraphrasing the declaration made last November by Chairman Hull, that it is only through independence enough to vote on the merits of political questions, rather than as political chattels, that voters can obtain recognition of their just rights in all matters affecting their interests and that make for the general welfare of all. This apothegm ought to apply to all voters, white or colored, whether in the North or in the South.

The Mayfly

By GEORGE SOUTHCOTE

A tale of angling with a barbless hook in the historic waters of Great Britain

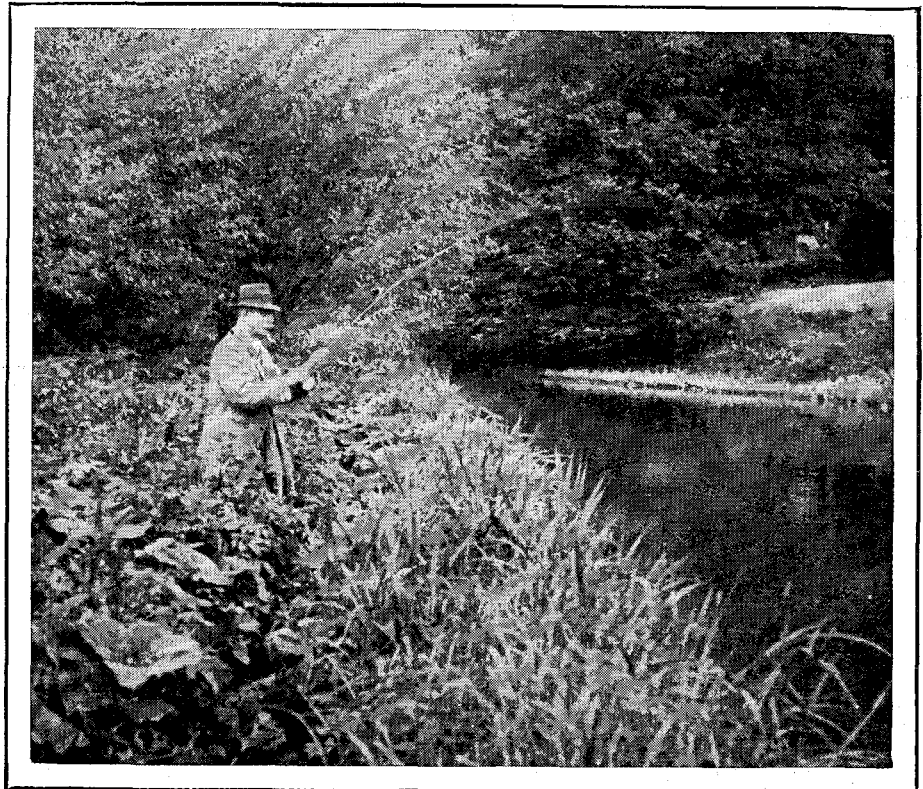
A FINE sunny morning in May, in the most beautiful setting in the world—a shady old garden in a chalk-stream valley in the South of England. An ancient lawn, drenched with sparkling dewdrops. "The moan doves" (wood-pigeons, in this case) "in immemorial elms, and murmuring of innumerable bees." The whole valley is full of bees. We have a flourishing bee club in every village. "Myriads of rivulets running," not through the lawn, as in Tennyson's "Princess," but through the rank grass of the water-meadows, where we get glimpses of marsh marigolds blazing yellow in the sunshine beyond the dark shadows of the garden.

The singing birds are in full chorus, glorying in the joys of parenthood and rejoicing in the strenuous labor of gathering supplies from an abundant store for their young nestlings. Most of our young blackbirds and thrushes are now fully fledged and flown; the anxieties attending their maintenance have passed, and the parent birds are enjoying their independence even more than their labor. We also have the nests of linnets, of warblers, of wrens, of pied wagtails (in an ivied wall), and, best of all, a pair of goldfinches have built among the blossoms of a horse-chestnut tree. About the cuckoo and its monotonous note the less said the better, excepting that it does recall scenes and surroundings treasured in a fly-fisher's memory.

The white petals of pear blossom lie like snow at the foot of the trees in the orchard. Pink-tipped apple blossom is at its best. Pinker peach blossom is over. The peachlets are already swelling on the hot wall. Bluebells and pheasant-eye narcissi (the air heavy with their perfume) are in full bloom on the shady banks of the garden stream. There are lilacs galore, in full flower and scent, both the white and the "lilac" variety. There is no other name for the color unless, perhaps, the "puce" of our grandmothers' silk gowns would answer the purpose.

Such is the setting for the sport of the most fortunate of mankind—fly-fishers—in the month of May in these parts, in early June elsewhere, with the very best of the season before them.

Let us pass through the meadow, under the mild gaze of sleek cows chewing



George Southcote drops a mayfly in an inviting pool

the cud contentedly, after grazing gluttonously on the rich grass bordering the river-bank. When we reach the stream, we can see every trout in it, close to the bottom, motionless, resting after last night's orgy of mayfly diet. They seem visibly fatter than they were a day or two ago! "What," asked an eminent friend of mine once, "is the place of the mayfly in creation?" I have since been seeking for the answer. It is difficult enough to discover one's own place therein. You can moralize about it as much as you like. If the subject appeals to you, you can follow old Izaak, of angling fame, during these days in the year when "the fly" is up and trout forsake all caution in pursuit thereof, and you can ponder upon the sad results of gluttony:

And when the tim'rous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing I sometimes find
Will captivate a greedy mind:

And when none bite I praise the
wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

Those trout at the bottom of the river may be moralizing, but if they have their deserts they are much more likely to be

suffering from acute indigestion. I shall never forget their behavior yesterday evening, gobbling up the delicacies from the overloaded supper table that passed over their heads when the first great fleets of mayfly were going down. One fish that I caught was filled with large juicy flies to the very lips. He had not had time to swallow any more when he gulped at my counterfeit. That is the word for which I have been searching, "gulping." The rise of a trout at a mayfly can only be described as a gulp, and a noisy one at that; very different from the gentle opening and closing of the jaws to take in one of the tiny dry flies with which one tries to tempt him at other times and seasons.

I fear that some of those trout must have other matters to ponder over besides the result of overfeeding. I landed several of them last night, and returned them to the water. This is not a form of procedure to be commended to true sportsmen, but sometimes it is unavoidable. On nearly all dry-fly rivers there is a limit of size, and below that limit all fish must be returned. In this particular water I work to a limit of two-pound weight. When trout can be seen from the side, it is fairly easy to judge their

size and to avoid casting over the smaller ones. When only the rises are visible, especially when they are rises to mayfly, it is impossible to avoid hooking fish below the standard weight. Then, especially after a long and severe struggle in the landing, it is almost impossible to detach a hook, embedded over the barb, quickly enough to avoid injury to the unfortunate trout concerned. Grasping the fish in the hand must cause damage. The solution is a simple one. Use hooks without barbs.

The use of the barbless hook in fly-fishing comes to us from American sportsmen, who have been in the same quandary as we have when fishing preserved water on which a limit in the size of takable fish obtains. After having experienced great difficulty in obtaining them, either from America or from Japan (in both of which countries they are in use), I have at last prevailed upon my tackle dealer to tie flies on them for me, in two sizes, and after a thorough trial of the barbed and the barbless hook, culminating in last night's experience, I have decided to stick to the barbless on the score both of mercy and of effectiveness.

I have found that the small barbless hooks (Size 00) penetrate more easily, causing less strain on fine gut. They hold admirably while the fish is being played, and they are more easily detached when releasing undersized fish, which need not be touched with the hand at all, as a rule. This, from the point of view both of the fish and of the angler, is a great advantage. (I have not mentioned the ease with which a barbless hook can be detached from one's garments or other obstructions to sport on days when the "hostility of inanimate objects" is especially trying to the harassed fly-fisher, above all, in a high wind.) When it came to using the barbless hook with larger, mayfly, sizes, I confess to having embarked upon the experiment with some trepidation. I found that my fears had been without foundation. The large barbless hooks proved to be just as effective as the smaller sizes.

The culminating trial has just taken place, in an interval of writing this account. I hooked a large trout on a mayfly (barbless hook). He played every trick known to his kind. He ran out line and jumped high out of the water twice. He pulled hard. He dived into a bed of weeds. He shook his head. He bolted both up-stream and down-stream, where I could not follow him. Once he came straight at me, slackening the line. While the line was slack he shook his head again, making a disturbance in the water, a supreme test of the holding power of a hook without a barb. The hold held. When he seemed to be ready

for the landing-net, I felt for it, and found, to my horror, that I had dropped it in some undiscoverable spot. High rushes and sedges grew along my bank. I tried to land him between their stems, in my hat. I failed. He escaped and dived about among the rushes, bending my rod nearly double and straining it badly. I threw it away, hand-lined the fish on the gut, at the same time using the other hand to disentangle it from the rushes. After some minutes of acute anxiety I managed to get hold of the trout with my hand and to heave him on to the bank beyond the rushes. It was not the fault of the barbless hook that I was obliged to play him for so long, beyond hope of his recovery. It was mine, for dropping my landing-net. Fortunately, he was only two ounces below the two-pound limit. This experience has finally converted me to the barbless hook for dry-fly fishing. I hope that others who try it, either on the score of mercy or on the score of effectiveness, will come to a similar conclusion. There is one essential proviso: the point must be filed as sharp as a needle.

To revert to the old and new methods of fishing with a fly, whether the hook therein be barbed or barbless. "You see it rains May butter," said Piscator to his pupil. And then: "First for a Mayfly; you may make his body with greenish colored crewel, or willowish color; darkening it in most places with waxed silk or ribbed with black hair or some of them ribbed with silver thread, and such wings for the color as you see the fly to have at that season, nay, at that very day on the water." Such instructions might pass muster to-day, except for the omission of all mention of a hackle, and excepting that, for myself, I should like the wings to be omitted altogether, unless of the sort that lie flat on the water like those of the "spent gnat." I wonder, in that connection, whether Izaak Walton, observant as he was, ever noticed the difference between the mayfly *subimago*, with its upward fluttering flight, and the *imago* or spinner, dancing up and down in its hosts in the evening, and drifting down as a spent gnat after the object of its being is accomplished?

When we come to methods, we find ourselves at variance with him. We can agree to this passage: "Let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water" (or the fish?) "as you can possibly, whether you fish with a fly or a worm." But then comes this: "Fish down the stream; and when you fish with a fly, let no part of your line touch the water, but your fly only." What a scuttling of the trout to their shelters would result if one tried such methods to-day! One thinks of the modern method of fishing up-

stream, yards of well-greased line floating on the water below the trout, which sees only a few inches of the fine end of the cast attached thereto, and the fly by which he is expected to be deceived. Only by fishing up-stream can such results be achieved, and repeated if the fly is not taken at the first offer. In one matter, however, the Compleat Angler of old has never been surpassed—in his appreciation of the beauty of his surroundings.

That brings us back to the mayfly and to its place in creation. Conceding that it causes trout to gulp and to gorge themselves, and that it tends to spoil dry-fly fishing as a sport by making things too easy for the fisherman, there remains one quality, its beauty. This we can find best when it appears in hordes in its natural surroundings, especially about the hour of sunset. Never was this beauty impressed upon me more than it was last evening, just as the sun was dropping behind the downs which shelter our little valley. Only a few great artists could have done justice to that scene with a brush, and none—except, perhaps, Ruskin—with a pen. I cannot.

The peaceful flow of the wide gleaming stream, reflecting the glories of the sunset sky. The whole heaven from the zenith to the horizon one molten mantling sea of color and fire. Every black bar turning to massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language, and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived when they are visible. (Most of that is Ruskin, of course; I did not want to spoil it by sprinkling it with inverted commas.) All these glories are reflected in the surface, the outlines softened and blurred by the drifting filmy mists which are gathering under the banks. The scene so far is lacking in life, which must touch the right note. The whole air is teeming with clouds of mayfly. There is an endless beating of gauzy wings, showing the after-glow of the sky through their delicate transparency, their soft fluttering almost audible by reason of their multitude.

Fishing has become too easy. Widening silver rings, made by rising trout, show all over the stream as the light fades away. Lay down the rod, and rest content with the strenuous battles of the evening and of the earlier day. It is worth while to linger a little to smoke a last pipe and to watch the last of the daylight, before we stroll home "rich in self-contentedness" through the purple night.

The mayfly has its uses. Trout, swallows, and martins have had a splendid supper. Now I want mine.

Hooch de Luxe

By SAMUEL WILSON

HIS bootlegger had just delivered to a Wall Street broker a consignment of holiday liquors warranted to be fresh from the rum fleet, with immaculate labels, and caps and seals unbroken, each bottle wrapped in tissue paper bearing the private imprint of the distiller or vintner. As he packed his contraband treasures away in his wine closet he chuckled at his cleverness in beating the United States Government and the Eighteenth Amendment. Here was "Black and White," Scotch whisky, with immaculate white labels from the distillery of James Buchanan & Co., Glasgow, proudly bearing the notice: "By appointment, Distillers to H. M. the King, and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales;" and still another certificate of the British and Foreign Select Committee, with white seal cap and everything regular to prove age and purity.

Here, with swelling paunch, was Benedictine, just as it came from the monastery, vouched for by numerous labels and the insignia of the Cross, with a narrow ribbon of sheet lead about the neck with the title "Veritable Benedictine" pressed into the metal band, which also extended across the cork and down the neck to the shoulder, where it ended in a big splash of red sealing wax in which was impressed the private seal of the monastery.

Then for madame's private silver flask there was James Hennessy & Co., cognac

with elaborate gilded label, and about the neck another label with facsimile signature of Martini and Rossi in Italian script which, translated, reads, "A guaranty of our product, Bottled at our establishment at Passione (Torino)." Across the top is a revenue stamp of the Italian Government.

An intimation to our Wall Street friend that the treasures over which he gloated had never crossed the ocean, and were merely a compound of redistilled, denatured alcohol and Croton water, with artificial flavorings, mixed, bottled, labeled, and sealed on Manhattan Island, would be regarded as a supreme insult; yet it would be true. When the Master said, "Ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness," he might well have been describing the "hooch de luxe," such as is served along the Great White Way in New York City and by bell-boys in many fashionable hotels in New York, Chicago, Washington, and other cities.

Before me as I write are nearly a hundred labels of various brands of spirits, wines, and cordials, from which I select at random the following titles: "King George IV Scotch Whisky. The Distillers Company, Ltd., Edinburgh;" "White Label. Finest Scotch Whisky of Great Age. John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth,

Scotland;" "White Horse Cellar. From the original Recipe, 1746;" "Old Highland Whisky. John Walker & Sons, Ltd.," in flaming red and gold, with small label reading, "Johnnie Walker, Red Label."

Here is "Gordon & Co.'s Dry Gin, London," in familiar square bottle, with yellow label and boar's head trade-mark, and juniper boughs and berries pictured on the margin.

A brown-stone bottle carries a label inscribed in German text: "Schlichte von H. W. Schlichte, Steinhagen in Westfalen Grundungsjahr, 1766," with facsimile of numerous gold medals and marginal statement reading: "Höchster Preis, Weltausstellung, Chicago, 1893, and Weltausstellung Brussels 1910, Gold Medaille." An additional label certifies to the drinker that the contents are "Original Schlichte 1766."

Purporting to contain original Holland gin is another stone bottle with the words "Halstkamp & Zoon & Molyn" stamped in the clay before baking, bearing a red label with picture of a bibulous Dutchman holding aloft a glass of gin. For the information of American tipplers a separate label gives the following warning printed in English: "When opening this bottle please examine whether our stamped capsule and cork with our brand are intact, and have not been tampered with, Sept. 1908."

From France we have Moët and Chan-

New Wine in New Bottles

FROM the United States Attorney, Southern District of New York:

I am convinced that there is a great deal of counterfeiting of liquor labels going on. Agents have brought in from time to time large batches of such spurious labels, together with counterfeit Government stamps and so forth.

There is no question from evidence which comes to me daily that the great bulk of the liquor being sold in New York is made from redistilled denatured alcohol. Some of the prohibition people put the percentage of all liquors so made as high as seventy-five or ninety per cent.

I believe that the publication of this article will help to place clearly before the public

the dangerous character of most of the bootleg liquor now on sale.

WILLIAM HAYWARD.

FROM the State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York:

This article accurately represents the situation in regard to bootleg liquor. During my service in Massachusetts I personally examined several large packing-cases filled with counterfeit liquor labels. At the United States Appraiser's Office in Boston I saw a very large assortment of liquors that, judging from the labels, bottles, and revenue stamps, seemed to be genuine. Nearly every bottle, I was informed, contained synthetic liquor.

ARTHUR J. DAVIS.

don's Dry Imperial, 1906, Champagne in all its gold cap and red-seal glory; and "Cognac Vieux, Qualité Première, Selected Vintage," bearing facsimiles of medals; and liqueurs and cordials in variety.

There is room for the satisfying of appetites and tastes for domestic whiskies in infinite variety, if labels can do the trick.

Here is "Old Grand-dad—Direct from the Hills of Kentucky," smiling at us from a yellow background in sizes from "just a nip" in a hip-pocket flask to a quart. "John Gibson's Son & Co. Bottled in Bond;" "Old Schenley, Pure Rye Whisky," from Schenley, Pennsylvania; "Stewart Pure Rye" from Baltimore; "Sherwood Pure Rye," put up at Cockeysville, Maryland; and numerous other brands are available. "Old Hardie, Kentucky's Straight Whisky," is vouched for by the portrait of Old Hardie himself on the label; and "Farmers' Pride Corn Whisky" shows the farmer admiring a fat hog.

Italy tempts the connoisseur (of labels) with a brilliant display in shapes and rainbow hues; and Spain is represented by "Tarragona Sherry Wine, Very Old," bearing the motto, "In Vino Veritas," and other choice sherries and cognac.

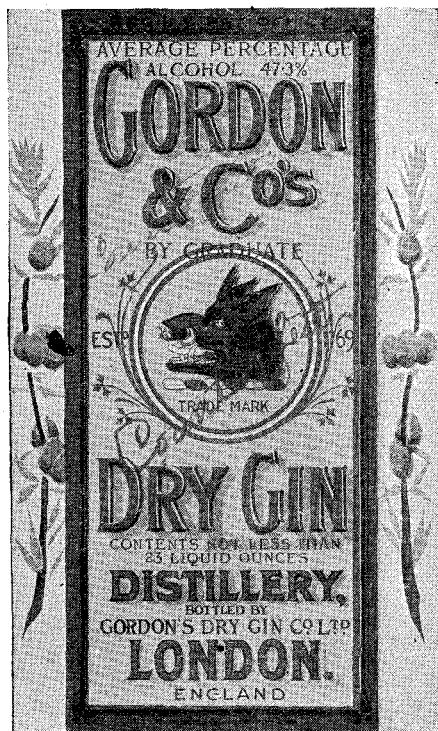
Vino Vermouth, Martini and Rossi, Torino, is gorgeous and elaborate, and a strip label assures us that it has won the "Grand Prix—All Esposizione Mondiale, 1904, St. Louis, S. U. N. America." The S. U. N. is somewhat mystifying, but evidently is a transposition of U. S. North America.

The alcoholic epicure has wide range of flavors (in labels) from which to choose, such as "Gran Liquore la Stella," "Rosolio," "Café Sport," "Stregghine Sport," "Maraschino Qualità Sopraffina," "Anesone Tridero," "Crème de Menthe Cordial," "Elixer Savoia," "Ferro China Qualità Superiore," "Curaçoa," and "Scaccia Diavoli." These names are copied from counterfeit labels in my possession.

I can refer any doubting Thomas to the vineyard in a Manhattan cellar where these old wines and cordials are produced; and for the spirits to the "hills of Kentucky," Pennsylvania, and Maryland, the Scottish Highlands and the Dutch Lowlands—all in Manhattan, where his favorite tippie is made, labeled, and delivered while you wait.

Come with me. Note the signal à la Morse code that I rat-a-tat on the door, the eye at the peephole, then the entrance. Surely we are in the "hills of Kentucky" or among the Italian banditti or Spanish contrabandi, for confronting us is a man armed with a sawed-off shotgun, with cartridges in his belt.

As we ascend to the top floor other armed sentinels confront us, and never for a moment are we out of the range of their eyes or their guns. On the top floor one might imagine himself in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington or the American Bank Note Company. Here are dies and plates galore, and presses printing counterfeit Internal Revenue stamps by the tens of thousands, and counterfeit liquor labels, American and foreign, in all the hues of the rainbow by the millions. Big presses are printing tissue-paper sheets with the



A once-familiar label stolen by bootleggers to help the sale of their unlawful goods

insignia of foreign and domestic distillers and vintners in which to wrap the bottles. On other floors machines and workmen are busy washing bottles, filling, corking, sealing, labeling, and packing in cases. Here corks are being branded on their sides in imitation of the corks of genuine liquors. Here packing-cases are being made and branded so as to deceive any rum-runner. Here are stone bottles for gin with "Rotterdam" pressed into the clay before baking; and bottles in shapes and colors the exact counterfeit of Italian, Spanish, British, Dutch, or American genuine containers.

So much for the containers and embellishments. What about the contents?

We descend to the basement, and find it piled high with barrels of denatured alcohol, with pipes and hose communicating with the cellar, and there we find the very devil himself at work redistilling the denatured alcohol for beverage purposes, and with the addition of Croton water and flavoring extracts compound- ing a very hell's broth with which to fill

the containers which later will masquerade in banquet halls, on private sideboards, in private flasks on the hips of swaggering young bucks, and, more's the pity, in solid silver and jeweled containers in milady's hand-bag.

The poisonous mess, when bottled and arrayed in gorgeous seals and labels, is suggestive of an unwashed, germ-bearing denizen of the slums arrayed in silks and velvets, posing as a lady to the manner born, or of a courtesan masquerading as a sister of charity. To quote from the witches' song while mixing their hell broth, in "Macbeth:"

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

But this is not all. The labels and containers would not deceive were the counterfeit contents not good imitations. I have before me nearly a hundred vials of "extracts," obtained through the same channel, with which to color and flavor this witches' broth of denatured alcohol so as to deceive the very elect of tipplers. Following are a few of the titles:

Old Kentucky Whisky Type.
Old Bourbon Whisky Type.
Old Canadian Rye Whisky Type.
Old Irish Whisky Type.
Old Rye Whisky Type.
Old Pennsylvania Rye Type.
Old Scotch Whisky Type.
Old San-Brook Whisky Type.
Old Overold Whisky Type.
Old Rock and Rye Whisky Type.
Old New London Rye Whisky Type.
Old English Rye Whisky Type.
Old Cognac Martelli Type.
Old Gin Type.
Old Cognac Enisi Type.
Old Anisette Type.
Old Anisone Type.
Old Rum Type.
Old Brandy Type.
Old Apricot Brandy Type.
Old Apple Brandy Type.
Old Peach Brandy Type.
Old Pear Brandy Type.
Old Cherry Brandy Type.
Old Grape Brandy Type.
Old Pineapple Brandy Type.

With these essences of whisky, gin, rum, cognac, Benedictine, etc., comes a book telling the inexpert moonshiner or bootlegger what proportions of alcohol, water, and flavoring extract to use, and thus the bootlegger is equipped to supply all appetites, whims, or caprices of his customers—all made in America.

The basis for all these counterfeit "hooch-de-luxe" beverages is alcohol—chiefly denatured and "moonshine." In the plant described above the supply comes chiefly through persons who hold

permits to withdraw denatured alcohol for manufacturing toilet preparations and barbers' supplies, a traffic that has multiplied itself enormously since the incoming of prohibition. Very few of these alleged "manufacturers" use their supplies of denatured alcohol, but either redistill it themselves or sell to others. Most of these permits are obtained through the influence of the big bootleggers, the persons in whose names the permits are issued being their "dummies."

Other sources of supply of genuine liquor are druggists, mostly foreigners, who have also multiplied amazingly since the incoming of prohibition. They draw alcoholic spirits and wines to the full extent of the regulations, and either bootleg direct or sell to big bootleggers their surplus stock. Bonded whisky is in great demand, being really the only pure liquor on the market. It is put up in pint bottles under Federal supervision. In the plant in question these bottles of genuine liquor are opened, the contents emptied out and mixed with alcohol and water, re-flavored, bottled, labeled, and sealed with counterfeit Revenue stamps, and sold at very high prices.

This counterfeiting is done at sea as well as ashore, and observers tell of

"cutting" of Scotch whisky done at Nassau, Bahama Islands, before shipment to Rum Row. There is a power boat, the Rosa Maria, lying along the Long Island coast, equipped with duplex Italian airplane motors, which is said to supply labels, corks, wrappers, boxes, and alcohol to certain boats of the rum fleet, which use these materials to "cut" the genuine liquors that they have on board; thus fooling the rum-runners themselves.

In any event, most of the foreign liquor smuggled into this country is immature, going directly from the stills to the bottles. British law requires aging for spirits before they can be sold for home consumption, but British trade has no scruples about fooling the Yankees.

The other source of supply for "hooch de luxe" is the "moonshine" still, where horrible mixtures are distilled into alcohol for beverage purposes. Scientific distillation eliminates the "heads and tails" of the distilled product, and thus produces a reasonably pure ethyl alcohol; but this is impossible with the amateur process, which carries into the distillate the heavier alcohols, such as propyl, amyl, and butyl, known by the generic name of fusel oil. Water boils at 212° F., and ethyl alcohol, the common

beverage alcohol, boils at 173°, and at a temperature between these points the alcohol is separated by distillation. To separate propyl alcohol requires 205°; butyl alcohol is heavier, requiring 228°, and amyl 270°. These are dangerous poisons that are present in practically all "moonshine" liquor, and account for the numerous cases of disability and death of liquor drinkers of to-day. Some unscrupulous bootleggers use a proportion of methyl or wood alcohol because it is cheap; but this poison so speedily acts in causing blindness that it is a very dangerous practice for both the dealer and the drinker.

Nevertheless wood alcohol is used to a great extent in denaturing beverage alcohol, and there is always danger of its presence and that of other denaturing poisons in the redistilled article used by bootleggers in compounding beverages that are sold as genuine bonded and imported liquors.

The maxim, "Safety first," should warn all with an alcoholic appetite that in these days poison lurks in almost every kind of intoxicating liquor. "Fine feathers do not make fine birds," and fancy labels and containers for counterfeit liquors may be and are the lure to sudden death.

The High Cost of Beauty

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

THERE are fetishes and traditions, incomprehensible to the outsider, in every trade, every profession, and every art: the plumber and his "assistant," the lawyer and his terminology, the preacher and his dogma, the physician and his professional etiquette, the artist and his prices; and the most puzzling is the case of the artist. He may scarcely be known outside the family circle; his prices nevertheless must run from the four hundreds upward. A few, no doubt, find a ready market at five hundred or a thousand or two thousand dollars a canvas; but for the average painter the price mark is scarcely more than a convention. He sends his paintings to an exhibition, and they are exhibited and returned to him; he sends them to other exhibitions, and again they are returned, to be stacked in his attic finally against the hoped-for day of fame. Few artists are able to admit with equanimity how few—how lamentably few—pictures they sell each year.

The fact is, of course, that only men with incomes ranging from \$20,000 a year upward can afford to buy paintings at \$500 or \$1,000 apiece. Men of such

incomes who also have artistic tastes, and who are not more intent on great names than on the beauty inherent in a canvas, are rare animals; the market even of an accomplished, acknowledged artist is therefore extremely limited. A situation is created, in consequence, which is of no benefit to the artist and keeps from the public what might be a source of the highest pleasure and spiritual development; the artist's works gather dust and scratches in his attic, and the man of moderate means who wants beautiful things in his home has to be content with photogravure reproductions or with etchings.

It is a question which artists might profitably ponder—whether they, as well as the public, might not be the gainers by a candid readjustment of the prices charged for the works of the great body of contemporary painters and sculptors. It is of the greatest value to every artist that large numbers of people should not only desire to own but should be able to own the work of contemporary artists. A painting on a suburbanite's wall, which the artist has sold for \$100, has given and continues to

give him a considerably larger return than a picture marked \$800, which reposes unseen in his attic, is likely ever to give him. It gives the owner and the owner's family and friends a "feel" for pictures; like the huge signs showing electric beer bubbling in electric glasses, which of old excited the ire of the prohibitionists, it stimulates the thirst.

There is another angle to the matter. Lovers of art are not limited to great cities, and the need for the high relaxation which beauty gives is as great in the small community as in the metropolis. Every American town of any pretensions should, in time, have its own art museum. There is no reason why every town should not create such an institution if American artists will bring their prices to a level which the average small-town community purse can meet. It is inconceivable that the wider distribution at lower prices of the best, and even the second and third best, examples of American art should not in the end bring to their creators not only a wider fame but a more substantial financial return than the present prices can ever give to any but a fortunate few.

The Book Table

Two Poets

Reviews by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

WHEN a new book comes out I read an old one." This is one of the smug sayings about literature. How much fun its author missed if he didn't read the "Lyrical Ballads" when they were new in 1798; how much he would have lost by not reading (had he been here) "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant" when they were new in 1898! What ganders, after all, are the folk who draw date lines and adopt the determined attitude of either "reactionary" or "radical" toward the pleasure to be found in books! There is the silliness of the ultra-conservative, and the equal silliness of the blatant modern, who hides his laziness under the pretense that no book written earlier than last week is worth reading, and that if he knows Shaw he need not know Shakespeare. To a young man who held forth to me on the merits of Arthur Machen I suggested that he give his grandmother some instruction in the art of sucking eggs, as I had been a Machen fan since before the Spanish-American War. But it was foolish of me. This flaming youth thought that Ananias and his wife were among my direct ancestors; Arthur Machen, as he very well knew, had been discovered by Mr. Knopf and the radical book-shops about 1922, and *that*, as he was fond of saying, was that. For was it not obviously impossible that he, a militant modern, should be reading and enjoying books written in the '90's? Therefore Arthur Machen was a young man, contemporary with Aldous Huxley, and about nineteen or twenty years old; his books were all new; and what I had been reading in the '90's was probably Queen Victoria's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" (expurgated edition), which was about my speed. Q. E. D.

This is by way of preliminary to saying that what is perhaps the best and most important book published in America this month is both new and old: "The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson" (Little, Brown, \$3.50). It is new in that it is the first collected edition, gathered from those little volumes with the symbolic flowers of the Indian-pipe on the cover, which appeared after the poet's death, and between 1890 and 1896. It is old in that nearly all the verses were probably written much more than fifty years ago. It is new in that such lines are always new; their date is

unimportant. And Emily Dickinson may be safely approved by the modern readers of freak magazines, for she was often a bad metrician and a worse rhymster; as with Walt Whitman, they will love her best for her faults. Quarrels about rhyme are useless in the face of:

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the fox-glove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!

Or this, lately popular with librarians:

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

And this, on the death of summer:

The gentian weaves her fringes,
The maple's loom is red.
My departing blossoms
Obviate parade.

A brief, but patient illness,
An hour to prepare;
And one, below this morning,
Is where the angels are.

It was a short procession,—
The bobolink was there,
An aged bee addressed us,
And then we knelt in prayer.

We trust that she was willing,—
We ask that we may be.
Summer, sister, seraph,
Let us go with thee!

In the name of the bee
And of the butterfly,
And of the breeze, amen!

To many writers is attributed something of the peculiar humor which animated Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll. I do not recall that any one has pointed out that, while both of these men were undoubtedly delicate in their tastes—Carroll, indeed, had some of the attributes of a finicky spinster—both of them occasionally relied upon the robust fun

of the slap-stick, the downright biffs and bangs of the mediæval jester. The odd heroes or victims in Lear's limericks were forever getting pummeled or swatted in return for their annoying habits. And Lewis Carroll's method of dealing with an exasperating person was direct action:

Come tell me how you live, I said;
And thumped him on the head.

Mr. Chesterton has something of this element in his humorous verse and prose, but it is the grave historian and essayist, Hilaire Belloc, who best deserves to be compared with the author of the "Alice" books—if anybody must be so compared, which I do not admit. Some of Mr. Belloc's most amusing verse is decidedly fugitive; his "Charles Augustus Fortescue," for example, and those curious lines printed in Maurice Baring's "Puppet Show." But "Sonnets and Verse," by Hilaire Belloc (McBride, \$2.75), gives examples of the serious and devout poetry of this versatile man, as well as some of his admirable nonsense. I like the cynical view of "The Happy Journalist:"

I love to walk about at night
By nasty lanes and corners foul,
All shielded from the unfriendly light
And independent as the owl.

By dirty grates I love to lurk;
I often stoop to take a squint
At printers working at their work.
I muse upon the rot they print.

And so forth. He can be serious and sardonic, playful and didactic, and all in one set of verses. The third stanza of the following poem is in the spirit of Lewis Carroll, I think, and the whole gives some good advice without being goody-goody while it does so. It is a "Dedication on the Gift of a Book to a Child:"

Child! do not throw this book about!
Refrain from the unholy pleasure
Of cutting all the pictures out!
Preserve it as your chiefest treasure.

Child, have you never heard it said
That you are heir to all the ages?
Why, then, your hands were never made
To tear these beautiful thick pages!

Your little hands were made to take
The better things and leave the
worse ones:

They also may be used to shake
The Massive Paws of Elder Persons.

And when your prayers complete the
day,

Darling, your little tiny hands
Were also made, I think to pray
For men that lose their fairylands.

The New Books

FICTION

ALL THAT MATTERS. By Pearl Weymouth. Thomas Seltzer, New York. \$2.

"Nothing That Matters" would be a better title for this hectic attempt to make an ultra-advanced novel out of melodramatic tricks that have served as substitutes for real life ever since the incipency of modern fiction. There are pages of mere words masquerading as manifestations of deep psychological analysis. And of course, after the whole comedy of more than improbable errors has been brought sufficiently close to the verge of tragedy, it all ends happily and sentimentally, as in something designed to be read by "sweet seventeen."

MARIFLOR. By Concha Espina. Translated from the Spanish "La Esfinge Maragata" by Frances Douglas. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

In her painting of landscapes, in her descriptions of rustic scenes and customs, and in her portrayal of rustic human types Concha Espina is worthily carrying on the tradition of José María de Pereda and Emilia Pardo Bazán. The scene of this story is laid on the paramo of León in a hamlet of those strange people the Maragatos, who have immemorably lived in tribal isolation on that wretched steppe. They are probably Iberians of the purest, and they have preserved customs of the most picturesque. There is a love interest not without its poignancy which serves as a kind of focus, but the real importance and charm consist in what is mentioned above—the depiction with loving fidelity of the countryside, the hamlet, the strange people and their strange mode of life. Almost does Concha Espina achieve atmosphere in the sense that Hawthorne and Hardy have achieved it.

SEMBAL. By Gilbert Cannan. Thomas Seltzer, New York. \$2.

In one of Henry James's last essays (on "The New Novel") he includes Gilbert Cannan among the young English novelists who are primarily "saturated" with fact, whose work above all "smells of the real." It is, the master gracefully hints, a limited quality, yet to be valued "for the wonder, the intensity, the actuality, the probity of the vision." Of Cannan he seems to know only "Round the Corner"—a work of which one enthusiast has predicted that it will be read two centuries hence, as Fielding is read now. Henry James thought it limited and crude; he might have found more in its sequel, "Annette and Bennett." There the unique figure of James Lawrie emerges and forces itself on the reader's belief and sympathy. But in general it

follows the law of the earlier narrative, which James calls the representation of life as a number of things that "go on and on, in any given case, in spite of everything."

Perhaps "Sembal" does not really transcend this method. But to us it seems more masterful and conclusive than anything else Mr. Cannan has done. Francis Sembal is a Jew whose father has stepped from France to England to avoid military service, and is therefore doubly an alien there. The boy is enormously sensitive and ambitious. He scorns the vulgar "success" of the money-makers. He is a good deal like "Silbermann" in that other recent study of the modern Jew by the French De Lacretell. Like him, he fails of his quest for beauty and nobility, and is constrained in the end to accept his destined place among the money-changers. The time is, roughly, the decade which includes the war, a forcing period for such a character and temperament as Sembal's. He has little of a Silbermann's pride in his race, is overconscious of the faults and limitations of that race. An "inferiority complex" is not least among the determining factors of his life. A painful portrait, by no means ignoble, and a remarkable commentary from an unfamiliar angle upon our distressful time. The narrative frames and lights, of course, a number of secondary portraits not less vivid and complete on their various planes than that of the central figure.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

AFRICAN CLEARINGS. By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.50.

Miss Mackenzie has brought back no souvenirs from Africa, no facts of geography nor of anthropology. But after seventeen years of missionary work in Southern Cameroon, she has transcribed something of the spirit of Africa into this volume of essays.

The first chapters must have been written at night. They are a subtle reproduction of things essentially nocturnal—mystery, poetry, and superstition. But the atmosphere of night is carried over into the incidents of the day. Even trivialities become clothed with the power of the silences. The author writes of the drum in the clearing which "splits into accurate length the tumult of the quiet day," of "the recession of rain, its diminuendo of farewell hushing in the thatch," and writes with vivid suggestion.

She is quite free from overvaluing her work or its teachings. Even they be-

come tinged with the influence of the setting. "The lost coin rolls under the bamboo bed of that village and the lost sheep strays off into that forest and the prodigal son goes away by the tribal path to the Beach and is lost. And the Son of Man comes down the trail from the town of Zambe the Creator to save the things that are lost. And more is discerned there in that hour in the village than the light of the lantern falls on."

The book is the work of one who has given her heart to Africa and who has learned it through sympathy and not through note-taking.

LETTERS AND RELIGION. By John Jay Chapman. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. \$2.50.

Although the title of Mr. Chapman's book indicates but two subjects, there are many others upon which he touches. The immortal nature of Horace's Odes, the evil effect of science upon all forms of art, the relation of a college education to cultivation—these and other subjects are treated in his own illuminative way. His paper on "Fatigue and Unrest" contains much which the restless ones of to-day would do well to lay to heart. "Hurry was born the day steam was invented, and though art and letters resisted the acceleration for a couple of generations they succumbed at last. . . . It is the slow pace of the older pictures, music and fiction that so bores the futurists. They cannot bear the quietude, the heavy calm of Claude Lorraine, Beethoven, or Walter Scott." He has also a few trenchant remarks to make upon our colleges. "Our colleges perform a wonderful social service: they are boys' clubs and men's clubs. Educationally they are nearly extinct so far as the old humanities go."

The book has the literary flavor of an elder day, now too rarely met with. Mr. Chapman is a thinker, and his utterances are original, couched in the language of one who understands and can manipulate the English tongue. "Letters and Religion" is a book for cultivated readers.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Georg Brandes. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.50.

One wonders a little about the absence of the slightest hint that this is a reprint of a work first printed in English as early as 1898. However, that has nothing to do with the value of the work itself, of which a new edition is certainly welcome. Dr. Brandes is not an unbiased or faultless critic. But he has a wonderful capacity for mastering large bodies of facts,

His mind is encyclopædic in the best sense. He is a keen analyst. And, above all, he writes delightfully, with a swing and a force that sometimes tend to make a careful weighing of his statements a little difficult. For him to touch any subject is to animate it into a matter of compelling interest. As a whole, and in spite of any shortcomings it may possess—as, for instance, in its far too cavalier treatment of the basic question of Shakespearean authorship—his book must be held one of the most valuable and inspiring contributions made to the vast literature that has grown up around the work and name of Shakespeare.

MISCELLANEOUS

GARDENING BY MYSELF. By Anna B. Warner. Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.50.

The frontispiece of this little book is unique in garden literature. It represents neither flowers too perfect to raise, an unattainably lovely garden, or a very small child in overalls digging with a toy spade beside an extremely tall plant; it does not even approximate any of these accepted types. It is simply the unflattered portrait of an old lady of ninety-five with no becoming cap or aged coquetry of softening laces. But the face is interesting and well expresses the old-fashioned sweetness of Miss Anna Warner, author of some twenty forgotten books and sister of the Susan Warner who wrote "The Wide, Wide World." She was a notable gardener in her time, and "Gardening By Myself" was first published a little more than fifty years ago. It is rather difficult to understand just why it should be reprinted. Some of the information still holds good; but any recent garden manual will supply more, and more conveniently. The gently pious philosophy and mild humor remain, but they are infinitely surpassed in depth, value, form, and quaintness by many of the literary garden lovers of a yet older day. Compared with some of those fine old gardeners of the past, the breath of whose gardens still blows through English letters, Miss Warner's amiable pages are as water unto—no! substitute, lest our teetotal morals be impugned, as postum-cereal to fragrant Mocha.

PRISON AND COMMON SENSE. By Thomas Mott Osborne. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25.

A cogent and well-written plea for "prison democracy" or "inmate responsibility" in prisons; and an account of the origin and nature of a machinery embodying that principle (called the Mutual Welfare League) and of the successful experiments thereof at Auburn, Sing Sing, and the United States Naval Prison at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Dr. Osborne is the father of the League. His

arguments convince. The great difficulty in the path of successful application of the principle of "inmate responsibility" is that it calls for prison wardens of character, humor, common sense, information, and what-not—a type rarely furnished under our system of political appointments.

TAXATION, THE PEOPLE'S BUSINESS. By Andrew W. Mellon. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

This little book is a gem in its kind. Mr. Mellon is an economist of words as well as of the people's money. He states fundamental principles and the guiding considerations of the Government's financial policy since the war; he analyzes his tax revision programme, which has been so mutilated by Congress; he illustrates his major thesis, that "taxes which are inherently excessive are not paid," in a discussion of surtaxes and of the effect of excessive surtaxes in driving capital into tax-exempt securities and in destroying business initiative; he devotes a wise chapter to estate taxes; and he ends with a powerful advocacy of a Constitutional amendment whereby future issues of Federal, State, and municipal securities should be subject to income tax.

The educational value of the book is of the highest order. The style is clear, the logic is cogent, the proofs adduced are compelling.

Books Received

FICTION

THRICE TOLD TALES. By Blanche Colton Williams. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

WHIRLWIND. By H. C. M. Hardinge. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.

WRISTS ON THE DOOR (THE). By Horace Fish. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York.

DRAMA OF THE HILLS (A). By A. M. Haswell. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston.

LEYENDAS ESPANOLAS. By Sanchez Perez. Allyn & Bacon, New York. 80c.

MEN OF EARTH. By Bernice Brown. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

BIOGRAPHY

BERNARD FELSETHAL, TEACHER IN ISRAEL. By Emma Felsenthal. The Oxford University Press, New York. \$3.

MCADOO. By Mary Synon. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

NOW THAT I'M FIFTY. By Albert Payson Terhune. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

PIERRE LOTI—NOTES OF MY YOUTH. Translated from the French by Rose Ellen Stein. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$2.

"W. W." (Woodrow Wilson). By Robert J. Bender. The United Press Associations, New York.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CASKET OF CAMEOS (A). By F. W. Boreham. The Abingdon Press, New York. \$1.75.

CHINA'S REAL REVOLUTION. By Paul Hutchinson. The Missionary Education Movement, New York. 75c.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTH IOWA INFANTRY (A). By Henry H. Wright. The State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

SHORT HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL INTERCOURSE (A). By C. Delisle Burns. The Oxford University Press (American Branch), New York. \$1.75.

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How to Read a Bank Report

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

HOW many readers of this magazine who maintain bank accounts have lucid understanding of the meaning of the periodical statements of their bank which come to them through the mails or are published from time to time in the newspapers?

A frank answer would disclose few who more than super-

ficially absorb the significance of the totals of the sums of money set forth in such statements. Such questions as what relation cash on hand should bear to surplus, or what relation deposits should have to time loans, are Greek to the average bank customer. Yet if a bank is considered sufficiently reputable to trust with your money and to advise you in your

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financial affairs, you surely owe it to yourself to ascertain whether your trust is wisely placed, whether, in short, the sworn statement of the institution reveals that it is sound or otherwise. And the easiest way to find out is to learn how to interpret the regular reports of the bank.

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ASSETS	
Cash	\$3,351,680.47
Demand loans	2,857,590.51
Time loans	10,852,624.12
Investments	540,955.01
	\$17,602,850.11
LIABILITIES	
Deposits	\$14,268,053.63
Capital	1,000,000.00
Surplus	1,500,000.00
Undivided earnings...	834,796.48
	\$17,602,850.11

The assets column easily divides into three classes, namely: those which can be quickly realized, as, for example, cash, demand loans, and some proportion of investments; those of fixed maturity, as time loans and some proportion of investments; and that portion of the investments, such as real estate, which is obviously not immediately convertible into cash nor can be called a maturity investment. The liabilities column is twofold: there are the liabilities to stockholders and the liabilities to depositors. The liabilities to depositors are the deposits which the bank literally owes to its customers. The bank is liable to its owners for keeping its capital unimpaired, for building up a surplus, and for paying dividends. Undivided earnings represent earnings which have not yet been transferred to surplus or appropriated for dividends.

Let us examine each item in this typical bank statement in detail.

Take, first, capital. Capital shows to what extent the bank is liable to its stockholders for funds furnished by them to begin and conduct a banking business. Ample capital coupled with satisfactory service and efficient management produces earnings, a portion of which is paid to the stockholders, the rest being saved and laid aside as surplus and undivided earnings. These three items constitute the first bulwark of protection to the depositor, for they would have to be entirely wiped out before the depositor could lose a dollar.

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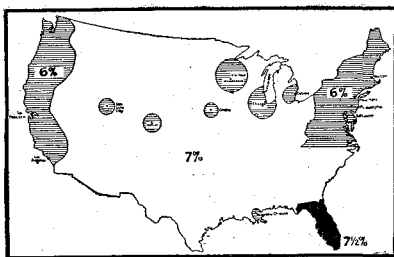
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to represent "cream" or super-earnings which might just as well be spent. I have known would-be borrowers whose case for a loan was not particularly good to point to the item of surplus as evidence that the bank had "plenty of money to take a chance on." As a matter of fact, surplus is a form of capital. In some cases when the capital of the bank is subscribed the law requires that additional money be paid in to form the surplus before the doors are opened. When this requirement does not exist, and even when it does, surplus is actually earnings over and above normal dividend requirements which is held in a special account as a measure of additional protection. Surplus, therefore, is evidence of growth, earning power, efficiency, and conservatism in management. A comfortable surplus shows that the bank has been reinforced—that its capital has a reserve back of it.

Perhaps no item in a bank's statement is more frequently misunderstood than undivided earnings. Yet it is quite simple. This item is in reality the most recent surplus—that is to say, the earnings of the bank at any given moment over and above its expenditures. A portion of it is later allotted to dividends, and goes to the stockholders, and a portion goes into the permanent surplus account. Like capital and surplus, undivided earnings is a source of protection to depositors, for, in case of disaster, all three of these funds must be exhausted in order to pay the depositors.

Many people are surprised to note that deposits are placed in the liability column, not in the asset column. Deposits are one of the main sources of a bank's strength; in fact, without deposits the

bank could not exist. Nevertheless deposits are liabilities for the simple reason that they are liabilities to depositors. The depositors own this money, not the bank, and can withdraw it at will, under certain agreed restrictions.

To measure a bank solely by its deposits is like measuring a man's financial position solely by the amount of money he borrows. Of course deposits indicate the bank's relative size. But the critical test is not size, but rather the comparative relation of deposits to the other items in the bank's statement. Before the real significance of deposits can be understood this liability-to-depositors must be compared with the liability-to-stockholders.

Inasmuch as depositors' rights have precedence over the rights of stockholders, it is very important that deposits should not run too far ahead of capital and surplus. Banking theory and practice of course permit total deposits to exceed total capital—else there would be no banks. In the typical balance-sheet given deposits were, in round figures, \$14,000,000 as against a total of \$3,000,000 of the three capital items, *i. e.*, capital, surplus, and undivided earnings. This is a ratio of a little less than 5 to 1, and is a very conservative ratio. I do not mean that this ratio is essential to the safety of every bank, but it will serve as a general guide.

Turning to the assets side of the balance-sheet, the first item is that of cash. The amount of cash is prescribed by law. Cash includes money in the bank's own vaults and funds on deposit with the Federal Reserve. Usually there is another item, "cash due from other banks," which is carried separately from the

ready cash and cash reserve. The relation of the amount of the cash item to deposits and loans, being fixed by statute and enforced by the banking commissioner, need not particularly concern us here. It is a matter that is regulated automatically; the management of the bank has nothing to say about it.

Banks make money chiefly through lending money. Hence the asset of demand loans, like the asset of time loans, represents, so to speak, the merchandising status of the institution. Demand loans are generally secured by high-grade, quickly convertible collateral of a value usually twenty per cent in excess of the loan. A considerable portion of the demand loans is made to borrowers who are not depositors, and, as the payment can be enforced at any moment, they constitute an asset that is almost as good as cash. Demand loans, however, are no better than the character of the security back of them. And as this depends on the custom of the bank you are studying, you cannot absolutely satisfy yourself on this point without knowledge of what that custom is. As a matter of fact, however, general banking custom prevails with rare exceptions, and that custom is essentially sound and conservative. Unless, therefore, you have reason to suspect that your bank is not wisely managed, a large demand-loan showing means that the institution is making money.

Time loans may be secured by collateral or by the resources and integrity of the borrower. Here again mere figures do not tell the whole story, for the volume of loans, and their quality as well, follow banking policy, which in the last analysis depends on the wisdom and

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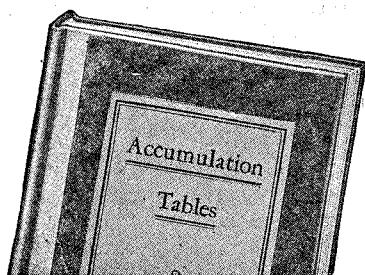
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integrity of the management. In the best-run bank some loans will "go bad," and will therefore result in losses. But as time loans constitute the backbone of banking, losses must be occasional if the bank is to exist.

In the report of the bank we are using for the sake of illustration demand loans plus time loans amount, in round numbers, to \$13,600,000, or very nearly as much as total deposits. If total loans exceeded total deposits plus cash on hand, the situation would be precarious, unless deposits were smaller in proportion to capital and surplus than in the case we are considering. In a way, loans, as suggested above, may be compared to merchandise. Though loans appear in the asset column of a bank, they are not without their liabilities. One hundred per cent high-grade loans form an excellent asset, but, in order to be able to meet any emergency, a suitable ratio must exist between time loans and demand loans, between total loans and capital and deposits, and, furthermore, between the different classes of loans in both the time and demand loan category. For example, the institution which is "loaded up" with paper from one or two industries would be in a weaker position than the bank that had diversified its lending, and hence minimized the risk from disaster or depression in any particular line.

There remains to explain one more item in our typical bank report, namely, investments. Investments have been called "frozen surplus." That is to say, investments represent any balance which in the opinion of the officers of the bank is not required for cash, loans, or dividends, and which may therefore be invested in real estate for banking purposes or in bonds and other securities. Investments may include both the bank's own money or money of its depositors. If, for example, there is \$500,000 of deposits which cannot be profitably and conservatively loaned, rather than have it lie idle, the bank will buy with it United States Treasury Notes, Liberty Bonds, or other sound securities. The probabilities are that over a period of years investments will earn a little less than loans. Hence the investments item in the bank's statement should never be a very large one. If it is excessive, it means either that business is dull or that the bank has not sufficient customers to keep its money moving as fast as it should.

Such, briefly, is something of the inward significance of a bank statement. If what I have said is far from comprehensive, it at least will suggest to the reader what to look for, and how to go about examining the report of his own or of any other bank.



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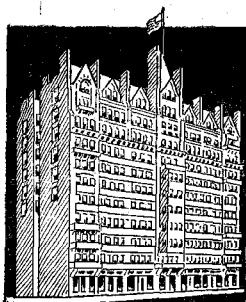
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and all principal cities

By the Way

THERE are many curious examples of "Baboo English," but here is a notice found on July 4 in a package of fire-crackers. It is not pidgin English (*i. e.*, business English, used by Chinese merchants); perhaps it may be called fire-cracker English:

NOTICE

We Have Spared Neither Pains Now Money Using Nest Paper and Can Power to Make Our Fire Crackers Which Set More Quickly Is It and Give Aluder Sound Then Thost His Where and Have Become to Fomous New in China and in Foreign Countries Neither Are So Me Un Proved Cucuiar People Who Imitate Our Trade Make Ploof Remender But it is None Expect That Which Hears The Lithographe Lion Trade Mark.

YUT SHING
MADEIN CHINA

From the "Baseball Magazine:"

"I wonder why it is that a girl can't catch a ball like a man?"

"Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."

A precocious wit was Sheridan Le Fanu, a Victorian author related to Lord Dufferin, who recently told this story about him. When Sheridan was eight years old, he was frequently late for breakfast. Coming down even later than usual, the boy was met by his exasperated father, who, holding out his watch, said, "Sheridan, I ask you, is this right? Is this *right*, sir?" "No, father," the boy replied; "it's fast."

From "Life:"

She (*sotto voce*)—"Georgie, dear, it's a burglar!"

He—"Sh-h-h, don't move; maybe he can't get that window up; it's the one we haven't been able to open since the painters left."

"If I had great wealth I would have three houses," says Mr. C. K. Shorter, editor of the London "Sphere," "and for two of them I would go to France for furniture and decorations. One would be a Louis XV house, with that grace which reached perfection in the Little Trianon; one would be of the Empire period, devoted to a Napoleonic atmosphere; and the third would be a very English home—a model of Haddon Hall, but laid out with the refined homeliness of Chequers"—this last, it will be recalled, being now the official residence of the British Premiers.

Another traveler, commenting on the choice of homes mentioned above, gives a different selection for his three ideal homes: Chenonceaux, the small château built over the river Cher, in the Tours district of France, for one; this was the home, for a time, of Mary Queen of Scots and her first husband, Francis II.

Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, the home of Washington, for another. The Cà d'Oro, on the Grand Canal, Venice, or the Palazzo Giovanelli, a fifteenth-century modernized residence, for the third. Readers of this column may find amusement in thus picking out for themselves the three residences that would please them most, if they possessed the lamp of Aladdin.

From the "Railway Age:"

I

Stop! And let the train go by—
It hardly takes a minute;
Your car starts out again, intact,
And better still—you're in it!

II

Seven prosecutions in a single month, all of them successful, is the reported result of a certain large railroad in its efforts to penalize reckless motorists who break down railroad crossing gates.

From "Froth:"

Editor's note to contributors.—Please write on both sides of the paper, as we have only a limited supply of wastebaskets.

From the "Cornell Widow:"

Jerry—"What makes that red spot on your nose?"

Harry—"Glasses."

Jerry—"Glasses of what?"

Bishop South, an English paper says, was not only witty himself but the occasion of wit in others, since a long-neglected curate was immediately promoted through preaching before the Bishop from the text (Psa. lxxxv. 6), "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from thee, South!"

Another example of the witty perversion of a text was that of a parson who was exasperated by the predominance of coppers in the collection and who quoted Paul (II Tim. iv. 14): "Alexander the coppersmith hath done me much evil."

System goes hand in hand with efficiency, but sometimes the combination produces amusing results. In a catalogue of surplus United States Army goods advertised for sale the articles are all classified as "used" or "unused." The following appears as "Lot No. 198:"

650 E-14971. Coffin, wood, unused.

Answer to the "pussy-cat" riddle published last week:

The eye of deceit
Can best count-er-feit,
And so I suppose
Can best count her toes.